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Great Men of Our Day—ITO

By Senator Albert J. Beveridge

The Love Affairs of the Twins

By W. A. Fraser

Hunting Wild Animals With a Camera

By René Bache

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GREAT MEN OF OUR DAY—ITO
By Albert J. Beveridge

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THE third great constructive mind living to-day is an Asiatic—Count Ito Hirodumi, the creator of modern Japan. He, too, has been a dreamer all his life, and a transmuter of dreams into substance, an alchemist of statecraft who has converted obsolete systems into modern institutions. Everybody knows, of course, that modern Japan is the work of the last forty years. To-day one of the best, if not *the* best, quarantine services in the world, one of the best modern armies of any nation, a system of schools that will almost compare with our own, a tariff scheme nicely adjusted to the needs of the Empire, thousands of miles of railroad, and other thousands of miles of telegraph lines, the beginning of a great navy, as well-equipped steamship lines as traverse the eastern seas, a foreign policy conducted with a skill and comprehension not surpassed even by Russia or England, manufactories in all cities and many villages, book stores every few feet along the principal streets of great cities, her young men distinguishing themselves in all the great universities of the world, Japanese hotelkeepers, even in the interior, able to speak to you in English, French or German, free speech, security of property, equality before the courts—thus, Japan to-day. Yet forty years ago the same systems, customs, laws that had been handed down for centuries?—no, but for thousands of years. To make this transformation was the dream of Ito. For its achievement Japan is indebted to him more than to all other men combined.

You are so familiar with the story of the overthrow of the Shoguns, and the restoration of the Emperor upon the temporal throne of Japan, that perhaps it is a waste of words to call attention to it. Briefly, however, the Shoguns, who were the military representatives of the Emperor, had, for almost a thousand years exercised all the temporal imperial powers, and actually conducted the Government. The Emperor himself was confined to his spiritual functions; for the Japanese Emperor is, to his people, the representative of Heaven as well as their temporal ruler. Ito saw that Japan would never progress substantially so long as this order of things continued, nor even if the old-time Emperor were reseated on the ancient throne. He dreamed of a constitutional monarchy. He had heard of and then studied the parliamentary system of England; he had heard of and then studied the representative system of the United States. How to convert an absolute monarchy in theory, and under the Shogunate a military autocracy in fact, into a government of the people, by the people, and for the people was his great problem.

It was plain that the overthrow of the Shoguns must be the first step. With this barrier to constitutional reform removed, the Emperor once more might be given the real power of the Government provided he would consent to a constitution, a parliament, suffrage in the hands of the people, and all of the other incidents of modern free governments. To accomplish this he seized a political opportunity, like the politician that he is. There was an intense suspicion, even hatred of foreigners among all the people. The Shoguns had made treaties favoring foreigners, introducing them and their customs into the Empire. This was precisely the thing that Ito himself expected to do, but he expected to bring it about in a way that should work for the permanent betterment of the Japanese people. He made this prejudice to foreigners his great weapon, organized his party, secured modern arms—the Shogunate was overthrown, the great Shogun became Mr. Kieka, and modern Japan was born.

Ito, Like all Great Men, Quite Open

I met Count Ito twice, at one time enjoying his conversation for several hours. Like many great men, he is very little physically. He is nervous, quick, alert to the point of restlessness. He is sixty years old, but has the vigor of a man of forty. His speech is quick, almost jerky, quite to the point. He is profoundly informed in the governments of every people. I doubt if there is another practical statesman in the world to-day who knows as much of the government of other nations as this Japanese Bismarck.

The written constitution of Japan is the most interesting work in the study of comparative constitutional government. It seems an intellectual impossibility that an absolute autocracy such as the government of Japan under the Emperor and the Shoguns, which had become embedded in not only hundreds but thousands of years, should be changed almost in a day to a constitutional government; but still greater is the intellectual impossibility of making it into a constitutional government with a written constitution. Count Ito accomplished that. The written constitution of Japan is, I believe, almost exclusively his work. He is much more than the Hamilton of his people: he is the Hamilton, the Madison and the Jay combined.

The constitution of his country, with commentaries by himself, is published in English. I have already said I know of no similar work of such interest to the student of comparative constitutional law. The commentaries of Ito give the reason on which each section and article is founded. These reasons consist of an examination into the nature of the power or limitation contained in the article under discussion, of comparisons with the constitutions of other countries, pointing out the inaccuracies of those constitutions as well as their strong points, and of the Japanese theory of the divine headship of the State. It is all done with such clearness, condensation and mastery of apparently every book on government and every system of constitutional administration in the world, that the student is as amazed as he is delighted. From my conversation with him, as well as from a careful reading of the constitution of Japan, with commentaries by Ito, one is led again to the belief that there is not to-day in America a single public man with anything to compare with his remarkable mastery of the theory and history of all the constitutional governments of the world, past and present.

You will know that he is a great man before he has spoken a half dozen sentences to you. The reason is that he is frank, unreserved, quite open. No great man ever lived who did not have this quality. Great tricksters are secretive, reserved, evasive—but not your great man. I have never met in my life a man so thoroughly unreserved as this maker of a constitutional and representative government of the people out of the oldest dynasty in the world, and that dynasty an Asiatic one. The Mikado's ancestors have sat on the throne of Japan from father to son for twenty-four hundred years.

Laying Hold on Principles to Shape Events

Stories of Ito are without authentication and are probably the people's concrete conception of his character. It is said, for example, that in a certain battle Ito, who had been impetuous in counsel for a certain course, when the actual conflict occurred became apparently insane in the fury of his fighting, and that he slew with his own hand many of the enemy. It is told of him that, in hand-to-hand conflict, he has the ferocity of a madman, but at the same time the coolness of a practiced duelist. I cannot vouch for the accuracy of these stories. Those who know him well say that he has had no military career or experience and that his undoubted courage is a moral courage. It is very certain that he is one of the most courageous of men, at least morally. A score of times Ito Hirodumi has put his whole destiny in a single throw of the dice of fortune. He has never feared to risk even his whole career if necessary in working out his great purposes, because he believes so profoundly in himself and in his star. It has never occurred to Ito that it might fail. He has, I believe, been "overthrown," in the opinion of common men, no less than three times; but, like Antæus, he has been on his feet again the moment he touched the earth. Rhodes, Diaz and Ito are the three greatest illustrations in the world to-day of the old commonplace that "you cannot keep a good man down."

This hazard of life and fortune began in Ito's case very early, as indeed it does with all great men; for the qualities that make them great are in their heart and brain when they are still in the cradle. Years do not create qualities in men; years only give a sort of dexterity in the tricks and feints of fencing. The metal and the blade are forged even before the child is born.

These dreams that troubled Ito led him and several companions to resolve to learn the methods of modern civilization which made England great while Japan remained weak. At that time treaties between China, Japan and other countries were extremely defective, therefore these youths placed their funds with the Jardine-Matheson Company, a great British firm of the far East, to be transmitted for them to London. They then embarked secretly for Shanghai, where it was their intention to take passage for England. All were detained, however, at Shanghai except Ito and a single companion, who, foreseeing the difficulties, hid themselves in the hold of the ship. When the sailing craft put out to sea again these two young Japanese, less than fifteen years of age, were found in the hold. The only English that Ito knew was the word "navigation." When he was asked anything he would reply "navigation"; told to do anything he would reply "navigation." With the instinct of Peter the Great and all other great constructive minds, the important part which the sea plays in national destiny had impressed itself upon him. And above all things he wanted to learn navigation. That one word had fastened itself upon his mind. And so, the two youngsters were put to work, and by the time they arrived in London, some months afterward, where they met their companions who had been released from Shanghai after Ito and his comrade were well on their way, Ito and his companion had become good sailors and knew a few English sentences. When they landed in Liverpool they had a silver Mexican dollar. Being hungry, they went into a bakery, put down the dollar and took up a loaf of bread, expecting, of course, that the shopkeeper would give them the proper change. Instead, he swept the precious coin into his till. They walked from Liverpool, where after much difficulty and hardship they found the bankers who had charge of the remittances that had preceded them. And after that they were able to pursue their studies.

All this was over forty years ago. It seems very easy, when we read about it, does it not? But if your own boy at fifteen years of age should take a trip alone across the Atlantic, now but a stone's throw from our shores, without any acquaintance on shipboard or at the end of his journey, even if he were well supplied with funds, you would recite the feat to your neighbors as an instance of remarkable precocity. Yet here was an Asiatic on the other side of the world, some forty years ago, without money on his person, with no knowledge of the language of the people with whom he sailed nor to whom he went, achieving this feat to satisfy his imperious and imperial desire for knowledge, to make sure the realization of his dreams, and yet not counting the expedition a matter of any particular moment. It was a significant beginning of a great life. When one thinks of it, one can begin to comprehend the immense dimensions of his daring.

As with Diaz and Rhodes, the distinctive quality of Ito has been "nerve," in the sense that we now colloquially use that word; and in the real sense, too, as Emerson and the doctors insist. The obstacles Ito has had to overcome in introducing the various reforms into Japan have been superhuman. Like all great men, too, his conceptions have been large, almost elemental, almost instinctive conceptions. He has seen, for example, that the future of Japan depends upon making her a sea power; he has seen that her prosperity and greatness depend upon getting her in touch with the rest of the world. Therefore a mighty navy. Therefore, too, a modern foreign office with trained corps of modern diplomats. That was a large order for this antique land. But Ito has accomplished it, and is only sixty years old now.

He perceived, too, that the Japanese must necessarily be a manufacturing people. I venture to say that there is no statesmanship in the world to-day which has more delicately adjusted tariffs, foreign negotiations, and every other one of the methods of building up manufacturing industry than has the statesmanship of Japan. All her foreign policy looks to this. She will in a hundred years be as great a manufacturing centre in the far East as England is in Europe to-day. Almost all this is due to Ito. You will say, and all will agree with you, that this was the very plain suggestion of geographical position and of the progress of events. But the great man is he who sees these plainest of things. The difference between greatness and littleness, as far as intellect is concerned, is that one perceives the possible *result* of situations, and the other fastens his eyes upon the conditions *as they are*. One sees the hitching post by the sidewalk; the other sees it, too, but instantly infers the halter, the horse, the carriage, its occupants, their lives, the shops that made the harness, the factories that made the vehicle. To one the post is only the post; to the other the post involves the whole of civilization and all the progress of man.

Editor's Note—This is the last of three papers by Senator Beveridge on Contemporary Great Men. The first paper appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of August 4.

Office of the Minister of War at Tokyo

Imperial dockyards at Yokosuka

Government palace at Tokyo

The Greatest Work of Modern Times

The work of Ito, I think, must be considered to be greater than either that of Diaz or of Rhodes. An Asiatic people fixed in an unchanged, unchanging and apparently unchangeable habit of centuries, even of milleniums; a military and political machine more perfect than any machine that ever ruled an American city or political party; a profound repugnance to modern ideas and institutions; a hereditary hatred of foreigners—and yet from these Ito Hirodumi has, in his own lifetime, created one of the most advanced, prosperous and advancing governments of modern times. When I heard the school children in the streets of Nikko, away up in the mountains of Japan, marching by with their little military caps and all the precision of a military company, singing the martial hymn of this land of the sun, I felt that that anthem was really directed to Ito, the Bismarck of the East.

The qualities that these three tremendous personalities have in common are, first, a courage that has been called audacity, and even madness, for I believe that all of these men have, by their enemies, been declared to be mad at periods of their lives; second, an unquestioning belief in themselves, in their destiny and their mission; third, an unconquerable persistence; fourth, a peculiar directness of manner and method, the securing of their ends by overwhelming, overpowering, overmastering force of character and will.

There they stand.

One in Africa, one in Mexico and one in Japan, the three points of greatest individual achievement in the last quarter of a century.

Each of these men has been the agent of civilization; each of them has planted within the sphere of his work, "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

The Love Affairs of the Twins

By W. A. Fraser

THIS story tells how Fate arranged the love affairs of the twins, Roy and Jack Marston.

The brothers were so much alike that nobody but their mother ever pretended to individualize them unaided. There was not much difference in their natures, except that Roy was shy, especially with ladies, whereas Jack was robust in these matters.

They were barristers and solicitors, Jack in Montreal and Roy in Toronto; and up to the third year of Roy's work the story of his life yielded little interest. But from almost the very day the Widow Neville placed her affairs in his hands, things moved with increased velocity.

Fate chuckled gleefully when Constance Neville looked hesitatingly at Roy Marston's gilt-lettered sign. He had arranged the whole thing, the sly old rascal, Fate, and it tickled him immensely that the widow thought she had blundered accidentally upon a name that caught her fancy. Anyway, in the end Roy got the business, and that was considerable, for Mrs. Neville had vacant lots to sell, houses full of wrangling tenants to look after, and the general worry that comes to a rich young widow. She also had a sister, Lavina, whom Fate had to consider when he played the chessmen in this game.

Now, Marston was a good-looking, almost handsome chap, and his very shyness put the widow on edge. He worked with eager enthusiasm over the intricate entanglement into which she had precipitated her estate; and when everything was straightened out and running fairly smooth, she muddled matters again by falling in love with her solicitor.

No love affair runs smoothly, but let Fate deliberately mix up twin brothers in a woman's affections without her knowing it, and there is sure to be a season of tribulation.

Of course Marston couldn't see what the widow was leading up to when she tapped him petulantly with her fan on the cheek, or threw out other diplomatic indications of her friendly regard; he imagined it was all over the work—took sweet unction to himself because of the thought that she appreciated his legal management.

Even the sister who acted as lieutenant to Constance in her work of subduing the enemy could not unmask his batteries; that was because he didn't know. But fine-drawn diplomacy failing to enlighten this "Cave Dweller," as Lavina called him, the bombardment had to be made considerably stronger, until, when he was finally shelled out of his entrenched obtuseness, his fright was execrable.

Not only was he terror-stricken, but his conscientiousness received a tremendous shock. It was like a breach of professional trust. What would people say? He had been the widow's confidential adviser and had taken advantage of that position to win her affection and, incidentally, her fortune; that's what the world would credit him with.

The first day after he realized this delicate situation he kept out of Mrs. Neville's way. He couldn't face the merry blue eyes; it was too serious a matter for the railing chaff with which she persistently regaled him.

Difficulties which came to the brothers had always been solved jointly, so he posted off to Montreal and on the way thought out a little scheme of action.

At Jack's quarters in the Montreal hotel Roy unburdened himself to his brother. "Look here, Jack," he began, "could you find time to go up and look after business for a week or so?"

"What's wrong?" questioned the other with surprise.

"Oh, nothing; only I want a short season of rest."

Jack knew better than that. In Roy's eyes was the drawn expression which comes from fretting over something.

"Tell me all about it, whatever it is, my boy, if I'm to help you," he demanded, putting his hand on the other's shoulder with brotherly force.

"Well, it's my best client, Mrs. Neville. If I stay I shall offend her: likely lose her work; if I get away for a week or two, things may right themselves—with your help, of course."

"I'll help, but I must know all about it. Is she cranky—badgering your life out about investments and the fear of losing her money—low interest and all that?"

"No, she's nice—too confounded friendly, really."

Jack whistled softly and an amused smile played about his firm mouth. "Is she rich?"

"Yes," answered Roy simply; "that's what makes the thing worse."

"Roy," said the brother, "your conscience is a greater impediment to your success in life than Cyrano de Bergerac's terrific nose was to that gallant soldier. Don't you remember how it kept him from winning the maid who was intended by the gods for him?"

"I remember."

"Well, that's what your conscience will do for you. It's a good thing, but when new it works a bit stiff, like machinery. By the time yours limbers up it will be worn out—or you will, rather."

"I don't care," answered the other. "Wouldn't I be a villain to let our business intimacy lead to anything else?"

"She wants to marry you, does she?"

"I'm afraid so."

Jack walked up and down the room whistling jerky things from the Mikado. Why did the gods send these chances to mortals of an undeveloped appreciation. No rich young woman ever wanted to marry *him;* but here was Roy being chased from his professional duties by a wealthy young widow. "By Jove! he likes her, too, I can see that," he muttered.

"You can fix it up, Jack," said the brother pathetically; "I don't care how, so long as you're not rude to Constance—Mrs. Neville, I mean."

"Jimminy!" thought Jack; "he's getting out of his depth without knowing it. Constance, eh? Isn't he a young ass? I think I had better fix it."

"I've been thinking," continued Roy, "that you needn't say a word about the change; she'll never know the difference—think that you're me, and that'll give us a better chance."

"I'll try it," answered his brother. "Post me about the duties, and if there's an opening I'll marry her to somebody else before you get back."

"If she wants to, of course," said Roy.

"That's rich," mused Jack. "I believe if I could make him jealous he'd pluck up courage to act with some sense."

"Oh, I think it can be managed," he replied airily aloud. "You'd better come back as soon as you feel all right."

"The clerk isn't the brightest fellow in the world, but he knows all about the books and the office part of the work," explained Roy. Then he dilated upon the technical peculiarities of taxes, drains, impecunious and illusive tenants and rapacious plumbers, let in little side lights on the widow's methods; and thus armed, Jack Marston proceeded on his brotherly pilgrimage.

"I'll just make the running a bit strong for Roy," he determined. "Evidently Fate is trying to put him in the way he should go, but he hasn't the *sabe* to follow the lead. When he comes back it will all be pretty well arranged for his capture, if I can fix it."

For the next week in Toronto, the world—that is, the Neville household part of it—seemed about coming to an end. The man of Cave Dweller habits, as Lavina had petulantly labeled Roy, developed rapidly into a polished citizen of the nineteenth century. That was because of the sudden advent of the urbane Jack.

The widow was delighted, and for the matter of that, Lavina, too. Her office had become more or less of a sinecure, for Jack was patently open to blandishment. "I think I've succeeded in convincing this savage of your angelic qualities, Constance," she said; "he as good as told me he adores you."

"You dear," and her immediate reward was a sisterly kiss of grateful recognition.

Jack had started off rather stiffly by addressing Mrs. Neville as Madam. "Madam, indeed!" she had said, and the hurt look that accompanied it made him vow not to offend that way again.

With any other woman but one deeply in love the social improvement in Marston would have been more than offset by the diabolical muddle he made of the business.

There was a touching little incident over some dogs. The widow owned a row of houses, and Numbers 17 and 21 had complained about 19 keeping a horde of canine occupants, particularly an unlovable bull pup. The matter had been under discussion before Roy left, and a determination had been more or less arrived at to turn the offending tenant out.

The second day of Jack's servitude the widow asked him to have a look at those dogs. He got it into his head his client wanted one or more of the animals, so he bought the bull pup and brought it to her in triumph.

This, and a few other things of like calibre, puzzled the little woman. Roy had certainly been reserved, but extremely happy in his executive duties; it assuredly was a remarkable change to come over a man in a week. "He's in love," explained Lavina sympathetically; "they're all silly when they're that way."

Constance smiled; this was consoling. "For a man in love he's still remarkably non-committal," she suggested.

"But see how he's improving," answered her sister. "He has been so shy all along; he's not that now."

"No," asserted the other, "but I don't like him any better than I did. To tell you the truth, at times I have misgivings."

"He's improved a thousand per cent.," asserted Lavina emphatically. "I positively envy you."

"I'll have to look out," remarked Constance, "or I'll be like Miles Standish." Fate laughed, too, though they did not hear him, for he knew just how things were running.

As far as Jack was personally concerned, the widow was being emphatically sidetracked. Lavina had grown fair to view in his eyes, and she—well, liked the new Marston.

He had a difficult rôle. For Roy's sake he encouraged Constance in her infatuation; and for his own he found many excuses to talk to Lavina.

At the end of two weeks a letter came from Roy stating that he was coming back. Jack chuckled. "I fancy his conscience is petering out," he muttered. "Being alone is the finest thing in the world to make a man long for companionship. If the widow starts in with him where she leaves off with me it won't take long to arrange matters. At any rate, I can go down to the carnival now, for he'll be here on the seventeenth."

On the fourteenth Jack went home to Montreal. A day or two before Roy's arrival did not matter, and he would see the carnival. He had heard the ladies say they were going down for it.

Now, as it happened, Roy took a notion to come as far as Montreal on the night of the fifteenth; so the two brothers were actually in the very same hotel that night without either knowing of the other's presence. Roy was felicitating himself upon the thought that by this time Jack would have eliminated the matrimonial element from the worldly affairs of R. Marston, Barrister.

Wondering just how they were all getting on up in Toronto, he walked through the big, spacious corridor which led to the dining-room. Ladies were sitting on the rich divans, and as he neared the door a familiar figure started up, exclaiming eagerly, "Why, how do you do, Mr. Marston?"

He stared in amazement, tempered by much fear—it was the widow. Also had Lavina arisen from the seat and was now beaming upon him with complacent cheerfulness.

"Why, this is just delightful," Mrs. Neville said; "and you're going in to dinner? So fortunate; I'm sure you won't mind if we sit with you. We were actually afraid of the mob in there."

Roy stammered that he was delighted, but he wasn't; he was more or less dismayed.

When they entered the dining-room, the head waiter bowed with friendly deference and escorted them to a table. He naturally thought it was Jack, who had lived there for two years.

"You're a very sly gentleman," chaffed the widow; "you didn't let us know that we should find you here."

"Well, to tell the truth," exclaimed Roy, "I didn't know that you were coming, you see; therefore I didn't write."

—threw out diplomatic indications of her friendly regard

"You forget I told you we were coming to the carnival; but why in the world should you write, anyway?" She was wondering why he talked of writing.

"Oh, you're going to the carnival?" queried Roy. "Why didn't Jack come down?"

"Jack!" exclaimed Mrs. Neville; "who is Jack?"

"Oh, I forgot," he gasped, suddenly remembering. "You don't know him, of course; he's a friend of mine in Toronto. He's crazy about carnivals and things."

Constance looked dissatisfied; evidently Marston was trying to hide something from her, and she had blundered on it. "Well, Jack didn't come, as far as I know," she declared; "and so we'd be delighted if you'd accompany us to the carnival."

"I can't; I've got a splitting headache—been in the train two days. Besides, I've got an engagement, an important engagement with a gentleman this evening. I'll have to hurry away to meet him; he's to call at seven o'clock. I'm just going to have a bowl of soup and a salad; something light, you know; I'm not at all well, my head is tremendously bad."

"Two days in the train coming from Toronto?" Lavina asked.

Roy flushed scarlet—he'd made another blunder. "I mean one night in the train uses me up for two days," he explained lamely.

Constance looked at her sister and deliberately drooped the lid of her right eye. Lavina understood the telegram. Marston was simply telling yarns to get out of going with them; he was not an adept at it, either, for his data were terribly mixed.

The victim was thinking: "This is too bad—this unblest chance meeting. After sticking Jack into the work for two weeks to the end of breaking off this social annex, the gods have plumped me right into the middle of it before I'm well home. I simply won't go and destroy poor Jack's work."

But he had no further difficulty, for the ladies were nettled by his evident disinclination.

"I really should like to go——" he began apologetically.

"Please don't," interrupted the widow; "I see you're not feeling up to it. We have really made other arrangements, anyway." They hadn't, but that didn't matter. "You mustn't let us detain you; it wouldn't do to keep your friend waiting, would it? You've quite finished; now, please don't wait for us; we shall be another half hour at least."

Lavina said nothing, but scowled morosely. The sudden drop in the social temperature shriveled up poor, sensitive Roy like a silly green leaf. "If you'll excuse me, then," he commenced, fumbling a quarter awkwardly into the waiter's ready palm as he arose from the table, "I think I'll go to my friend."

"What a stick!" exclaimed Lavina disgustedly. "I never saw such a man—he's as changeable as the moon; to tell you the truth, Constance, I believe the moon has something to do with his moods. To-night he's relapsed into the barbarian he was before we civilized him. I give him up; he's hopeless."

"I can't understand it," rejoined Constance. "I believe the silly chap was sorry to see us. Do you think, Lavina, that—that—there's some one else?"

"No!" snapped the sister; "it's some stupid court case; he's a crank over his work." She didn't believe this a little bit, but she hoped to spare Constance the thing known as pain.

"Do you know," continued the widow, "I believe we women like men better when they're like savages. He's spoiled my enjoyment for to-night."

"I hate him!" declared the other. "If he keeps this up I'll refuse to speak to him."

Three minutes after Roy passed from the dining-room Jack came blithely in. Naturally the head waiter thought Mr. Marston had returned to the ladies, and he again led the way to the seat Roy had vacated.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Jack, a smile of pleasure lighting up his face. "Now I shall enjoy my dinner," as with generous politeness he shook hands heartily with the more or less astonished sisters.

"He's been drinking," muttered Lavina. "He's repented," sighed the widow contentedly.

"Shall I bring you some dessert, or an ice, sir?" asked the waiter, handing Jack the menu.

"An ice! gracious, that's rich! Certainly not; bring me some oysters and a bowl of consommé first."

"The gent's pretty full," muttered the waiter querulously as he went to fill the order. "He's just finished his dinner, and now is starting in again."

"That chap's been drinking," remarked Marston; "fancy his wanting me to start in on an ice."

"Somebody's been drinking," thought Lavina.

"I suppose you're going to the carnival?" he continued.

"We are," answered the widow rather stiffly.

"By Jove! that's good. I've a notion to go myself."

"You've changed your mind, then?" queried Constance.

"No; to tell you the truth, I intended going all the time—really came down for it, you know."

"Of all the impudent things!" whispered Lavina.

"Let me see," he ruminated, turning to the waiter, who had hesitatingly placed the card before him. "Sweetbread, a cut of beef, and—and, yes, partridge." The waiter sighed; this was the queerest guest he had ever served.

"By Jove!" ejaculated Marston, "this frosty air makes one ferociously hungry. Haven't you noticed that?" he asked of Lavina.

"Yes," she answered dryly, "and thirsty, too."

"So it does, now that you suggest it. I am thirsty. Waiter, bring me a card; I want some claret."

"I knew it," mused Lavina.

"If you don't mind," he rattled on, "I should like to go to the carnival with you."

"What about your head?" queried Constance solicitously; "perhaps it would upset you."

"Oh, I fancy my head's all right—I think it will stand the mild dissipation of a carnival."

"But haven't you an engagement with some gentleman?" suggested the widow.

Jack laughed. "Oh, that's an old dodge; men only say that when they want to get out of going any place with ladies. I really haven't an appointment and am open to go with you, if you'll let me."

"That's decidedly cool," thought Lavina; "changed his mind, and tells us to our faces that the imaginary friend was only a dodge—the Cave Dweller's delightful unconventionality. I hope Constance refuses his company now." But she didn't.

"We shall be pleased to have you, but I must say you're refreshingly candid, Roy."

"Yes, I know, almost thrusting myself upon you; but you see, I'm anxious to go."

"By Jove! Roy!" he muttered; "I mustn't forget that I'm supposed to be Roy. The beggar'll be home to-morrow, I expect; wish he were here to look after the widow."

He plodded steadily through the menu to the unspeakable astonishment of the ladies and the waiter. It was an extraordinary proceeding.

"I haven't a costume," he declared; "have you?"

"Yes."

"Capital! what are they? I can go as I am—evening dress is always costume."

"Lavina goes as 'Night'—black dress, silver stars; I'm 'Day'—white, and golden sun."

"I must remember that and not get you mixed up there. You're Day, and Miss Lavina Night. That's easy; I've got it down in black and white."

When they left the table the waiter was more than astonished to find a quarter under Jack's plate. It was an eery experience; Mr. Marston had eaten two dinners and tipped him twice. Of course, it was only fair, but still it was out of the ordinary. "I guess he's in love with one of them gals," he confided to himself, "or has been boozing a bit—perhaps both."

The sisters went to their apartment to put on the costumes, and Jack arranged to meet them in half an hour at the little reception-room near the entrance.

"Constance," said Lavina, "your Roy Marston is possessed of much grim humor to-night. Suppose we have our little joke now, and change dresses."

So Mrs. Neville put on the black dress with silver stars, and Lavina attired herself in the soft white satin.

As they emerged from the elevator, into the lower hall, the widow caught sight of the real Roy sauntering by.

"Quick, Lavina," she said, "he's waiting. Here you are—we're ready," she exclaimed, as they captured the astonished wrong brother. "Come along."

Roy stared in amazement. He recognized the voice; they were bound to take him to that carnival—had evidently been lying in wait for him.

"Really," he began hesitatingly, "I'm afraid I——"

"Oh, bother!" interrupted Constance; "we haven't time for chaff now—we'll be late."

"Cab, sir?" queried the door porter.

"Yes," said the widow.

Roy Marston resigned himself hopelessly to the inevitable. People were about in the hall, and nothing short of a scene would extricate him from these most persistent sisters.

"Our Cave Dweller has relapsed," thought Lavina, as they were swirled swiftly along in the smooth-gliding droshky, for their companion sat discontentedly sullen in the corner. He was miserably vexed. Why should he be forced to take part in the amusements of the restless widow and her equally energetic sister? Why couldn't she see that people would blame him for the whole thing, say that he was running after her for her money? It made him desperate. Besides, he actually had an appointment to meet a man on business that evening. That was partly why he had come to Montreal; and now, because of the widow's caprice, he was to break his word and go to this fantastic gathering. He had said seven o'clock at the table: that was simply to get out of further embarrassment.

When the novelty of the brilliant, costume-filled rink had lain its spell over his captors, Roy said: "Now, you've really taken me away from an arranged meeting. If you'll grant me an hour at the outside I'll promise faithfully to come back."

"Oh, certainly," answered the widow; "it was too bad of us to insist on your coming."

"The Madman's gone again," exclaimed Lavina. "Did you ever hear of such a cheeky thing! I'm going to skate."

"I'll wait for you here," declared Constance; "I shan't skate."

Roy and the ladies had not driven five blocks from the hotel when Jack came gayly down from his apartment. He looked into the reception-room; evidently the ladies were not ready yet. He took a chair and waited ten minutes; for obvious reasons, they did not appear. Marston became impatient; "Ladies are always like that," he muttered; "keep a fellow waiting—never ready."

He walked up and down the hall with quick, vexed steps for another ten. At the end of that time he sent a bell-boy

to their room with his card. The messenger reported that the ladies had gone out. The doorkeeper corroborated this statement, for the costumes lingered in his memory, and added, gratuitously, that there was a gentleman with them.

"Dash it!" muttered Jack, "that's rich. They must have thought I had gone—missed me, somehow. Wonder if this officious fellow is Lavina's friend." Then he posted off to the carnival rink.

The advent of the unknown had roused his jealousy. The man couldn't be after Constance, for she was head over heels in love with Roy; it must be Lavina. He hated the chap at once; also discovered that his regard for Miss Lavina was of considerable magnitude. "By George!" he muttered, as he moved about through the maskers looking for the black dress with silver stars. "I'll settle this thing to-night. This chap ran her off under my very nose, but if I get half a chance I'll get a decision before he knows what's up. Confound it! I expect he's a queer specimen. Why women should run after caricatures of men I can't make out." Mentally proving that the other man was quite undesirable, his eyes suddenly lighted upon the star-spangled black dress. "There's Lavina and she's alone. He's trying to get into the good graces of the widow, I suppose, skating with her." Of course it wasn't Lavina; it was Constance, but Jack didn't know of the change in costume. "Oh, here you are at last," said the black figure; "you managed to get away from your friend, did you?" She supposed Roy had returned sooner than expected.

"That's cool," thought Jack. "Friend!" he exclaimed wonderingly, "I had no friend."

"Oh!" said the widow resignedly. Why did he tell those deliberate lies about the thing?

"I suppose you consider this a great joke?" continued Marston, meaning their running away from him.

"We thought it rather good fun," returned Constance, thinking he had discovered their change in costume. "How did you find out?" she asked.

"The hall porter told me," he replied.

"The wretch! I wonder how that stupid fellow knew?"

"Why, he saw you going out, of course."

"And we thought we were doing it so cleverly—keeping it so dark."

"Did you!" exclaimed Jack with grim dryness; "you should have bribed the porter. I hope you like him?"

"Who—the porter?"

"No, the idiot who brought you here."

"Heavens!" thought the widow, "Roy is going mad. Why in the world does he call himself an idiot, though he acts like one, I'm sure. Do you think he's as silly as that?" she asked.

"I'm sure of it."

"Perhaps he is," she said softly, "but I rather like him, I must confess."

"By Jove! I must act at once," he thought. "Do you care for him more than anybody else?" he asked.

The widow gave a little trembling start. Roy was becoming decidedly interesting. Of all his moods, this was certainly the best.

She did not answer, but waited in fine-drawn discrimination.

"Is my happiness of any moment to you?" continued Jack.

"I hope so," she said, almost inaudibly.

"Now for it," thought Marston. "How shall I proceed? It's not so confounded easy."

By some inexplicable chance his hand was resting on her arm; it trembled like a wind-rocked leaf. "You're cold," he said gently.

A soft "No" came from behind the black mask, and the blue eyes glowed luminously in its shadow. All about were the merry mummers busy with their mockery, so this little tableau attracted no attention; just there in that unnoticed corner was a tragedy of life seeking its fulfillment.

There was a strain in Marston's voice as he spoke again. "If my happiness is of moment to you, Lavina, you must make it complete. Do you understand?"

"Lavina!" the black mask gasped.

"Yes, you, Lavina."

"Oh, Heavens!" It was bitter tragedy. What had this folly of the changed costumes cost her! But she braced her nerves steadily and clutched at a tiny floating straw. "Do you mean Constance, Roy? Are you quite sure that it is not—my—sister Constance you—you—love?"

"I'm positive," he said emphatically. "I admire her greatly, but—I love you."

"Stop!" she cried. "Oh, Heavens! what have I done!"

With despairing rashness she pulled the black mask from her face; it was choking her. Marston started back with a gasp of astonishment. Before he could speak the white figure 'Day' glided up to them. She laughed when she saw her sister's face. The merriment sounded cruelly harsh to the actors in the little tragedy. "Roy has found you out," she said.

"Quick, Lavina," panted Constance, "I want to go back to the hotel—I'm not well. Please call—a—cab, Mr. Marston."

Jack darted away. "This is terrible," he muttered. "The little woman is broken-hearted. Roy is a lucky dog."

He got a cab and they drove silently back to the hotel.

In their room Constance burst into a flood of tears. "Was ever a woman humiliated so?" she exclaimed passionately. "I shall hate that black dress as long as I live. Roy loves you, Lavina. It was bitter to hear it from his own lips. Our jest has been a sorry one."

"I never encouraged him, sister," pleaded Lavina. "I was pleasant to him for your sake; I shall hate him always. But it must be some terrible blunder. I'm sure he really cares for you. See how strangely he has acted all evening."

"No," cried Constance with conviction, "one can't mistake a man's voice when he talks of love."

"But remember his mad conduct at the table. He spoke about his head troubling him. Is a man sane who eats two dinners inside of an hour? I know that it will all be explained to-morrow—it's some dreadful mistake."

In his room Jack was scoring himself roundly. "Great Scott!" he muttered, "I made a bad break. Now Roy has got to put things right; he can't get out of it—I won't let him. Cupid! but she loves him! I wish I stood as well with the sister."

Roy's thoughts also were of a complex nature as he retired. "I've had what might be called an excitingly mixed evening. Before I'm rightly back from two weeks of wasted time, Fate hands me over to the tender mercies of Constance and her sister for dinner. They kidnap me for the carnival, and then run away and leave me there—at least I couldn't find them when I went back. It's no use fighting against it, I suppose; there'll never be any peace until I take Jack's advice, I fancy. Hang it! I'd look silly as a married man, though. Perhaps, after all, it was my fault missing them at the rink; I must apologize to-morrow."

In the morning Roy found the sisters in one of the drawing-rooms. If he had feared any further embarrassing attention from the widow he was speedily disillusioned. His pleasant, "Good-morning, ladies," fell upon frozen ground, for Lavina was up in arms with her sister. "It must have been my fault last night," he soliloquized, and proceeded to make peace with timid lameness.

"I'm awfully sorry for last night's blunder," he said. "I hope you will both forgive me."

Constance shut her lips firm. "It doesn't matter," she answered in a hard voice; "pray say no more about it." She arose and, bowing coldly, continued: "I'll leave you with my sister; I think you have something to—to—say to her."

She nearly broke down, but, turning away hastily, Roy did not notice that the eyes were twitching nervously, shutting back something by will force.

He looked hopelessly at Lavina; her face was scarlet. "Your sister shouldn't take this so seriously," he began.

"Shouldn't she?" Lavina queried coldly.

"No; I really didn't mean it—didn't do it intentionally, you know."

"You didn't mean it!" and her eyes were flashing angrily. "Thank you; I'm glad of that. Pray who is the joke on—Constance or myself?"

"There was no joke. I told your sister the truth about——"

"There, stop! I can't listen—I won't! Mr. Marston, have I ever given you to understand that I cared for you?"

"Not that I know of," he stammered; "and I'm glad—I mean, why should you say so?"

"No, I didn't—I hate you!"

"Really," he began, but she interrupted him.

"You've wrecked my sister's happiness and destroyed my peace forever with your—with your—what shall I call it—despicable conduct."

Her vehemence frightened him; he had done nothing but miss them at the carnival; how could that wreck their happiness? "I don't see how the little miscalculation at the rink could possibly be taken as a very serious matter."

"Oh, you don't! That's quite on a par with the rest of your conduct. You brutally tell a woman who loves you that you don't care for her, but care for—for—her—somebody else, and you call that a little misunderstanding—nothing!"

"What woman? I haven't told any woman anything—I haven't talked to any woman about love. To tell you the truth, I've been keeping out of its way."

"You have the assurance to deny it?"

"Deny what?"

"That you told Constance last night at the rink you—liked—another."

At that moment Jack Marston swung buoyantly into the drawing-room. He was looking for Lavina to make his peace and to confess the whole thing about his brother. He stared in amazement. There stood the brother talking to Lavina.

"Roy!" he exclaimed.

"Jack!" cried the other. The girl gazed, wonder stricken.

"This is my brother Jack," said Roy. "He's been up——" He stopped and looked questioningly.

"Go on," cried Jack; "it doesn't matter now. It'll take us a good hour to explain everything."

Roy hesitated and his brother stepped into the breach. He elucidated the entanglement with cheery fullness.

"But," he said, toward the last, "this is all nonsense; we must have your sister here, Miss Lavina. If you'll allow me, I'll accompany you," he added as the girl arose to go for Constance.

There is no possible way of knowing what he said in the hall, he spoke so low nobody heard—nobody but Lavina; and while she was explaining matters to Constance he went back and talked with brotherly directness to Roy.

Fate chuckled cheerily when they all dined together that evening, for the little comedy had been played out; the tragedy had vanished, and the glasses tinkled like silver wedding bells.

"Certainly not; bring me some oysters and a bowl of consommé first"

HUNTING WILD ANIMALS with A CAMERA—*By* René Bache

Brown Bat

UNTIRING patience and an earnest love of Nature for its own sake are the chief prerequisites for success in the photographing of the familiar wild animals of the fields and woods. Though delightful and even fascinating to a degree, there is nothing easy about this kind of work, which demands infinite pains and brings many disappointments. For the latter, however, one is amply compensated by the delight that comes with the satisfactory negative.

Good photographs of living wild mammals and birds are so rare as to command high prices in the market, and the magazines, as well as those newspapers which print half-tone supplements, are usually glad to buy them. Whereas works on natural history hitherto have wholly depended for illustration upon drawings made with pen and brush, books of the kind in the uture will be adorned with photographic plates in half-tone. It is obvious that pictures of mammals or birds made with the camera must be far more accurate than mere drawings. Indeed, at the present time entomologists are seeking to substitute photographs of insects for the pen-drawn figures hitherto employed to illustrate scientific descriptions of them.

Snapping a Little Baby 'Possum

Hunting with a camera is much like hunting with a rifle, only more difficult. One may kill a Virginia deer at a distance of one hundred yards with a good shot, but to get a satisfactory photograph of the same animal one must get within sixty feet of it. The focus must be just right, the exposure of proper length, and the sun in the right position.

Fortunately there are a good many wild animals of forest and field that are not very difficult to photograph, though hardly any of them can be said to be easy to catch in this way. You may take an opossum by the tail, put him on a branch of a tree, and tell him to keep still while you snap the shutter. He will do it, too, and you are likely to get a good picture of him, because he is a sluggish beast and, when frightened, his instinct is not to run away but to remain perfectly quiet and "play 'possum," as the colored folks say. One of the illustrations accompanying this article is a portrait of a baby 'possum which has just come out of its mother's pouch and is taking its first look out upon a strange world. The opossum is the only American representative of the great order of marsupials, which includes the kangaroos.

The more one knows about the habits of animals, the better is the chance of success in photographing them in their native wilds. It is not difficult to become acquainted with squirrels, and even to arrive at some degree of friendship with them, if one understands how to go about it. These little creatures, particularly the ground squirrels, are quite disposed to be friendly with anybody who will take the trouble to approach them in a tactful and conciliatory way. You must learn where they live, go to visit them frequently, make yourself personally known to them, and gradually cultivate their confidence with the help of nuts and bits of crackers. It is really wonderful how quickly they grow tame under such circumstances, until at length they will come and sit on your lap. This much once accomplished it is easy to secure pictures.

Here, in fact, is a good example of the way in which Nature-love and the study of Nature with the camera go hand in hand. One of the first things to be learned is that at all times when trying to approach an animal whose picture is desired sudden movements must be avoided. Every action must be performed slowly and gently, or else the wild creature will instantly take alarm. It is surprising to find how much may be accomplished by observance of this simple rule. Everything must be done quietly, so that there shall be no critical moment when the animal's sense of danger is awakened. Dr. A. K. Fisher, the well-known naturalist, told the writer the other day that he had frequently caught birds with his hands by advancing toward them gradually and noiselessly until within reach.

Instantaneous photographs of wild animals are never very satisfactory; there should always be time exposure. That is a rather startling statement, perhaps, but the point of it is easily seen. The time exposure need, perhaps, be only a fifth of a second, but, if properly judged, it will give vastly superior results. The trouble with the snap picture is that it lacks detail. For thorough satisfactoriness one wants fur or feathers, as well as mere outlines. There is no insuperable difficulty about this; you must simply watch for a favorable moment, when the creature to be photographed is still.

Obviously the animal pictured ought to be seen against a background that affords some sort of contrast, and this is not always easy to manage. What is called protective coloration is common among both mammals and birds, likening their hues to those of the places in or upon which they live. Squirrels, for example, are not very different in color from the tree bark over which they scamper, and it is apt to be difficult to catch them in a situation where the background will bring out satisfactory detail in the photograph. One may often approach quite near to a squirrel in the woods by advancing slowly and quietly toward it. It is necessary to get pretty close in order to make it large enough on the plate. One should watch his "finder" all the time and get as near as he can. If the little beast begins to show restlessness, a snap is likely to secure something in the way of a picture. One always hopes for the superlative in photographing animals, but there is often reason for gladness in obtaining a passable negative.

Southern Fox Squirrel

Accidental Tumble of a Wild Squirrel

The photographs accompanying this article were taken by Dr. R. W. Shufeldt, of Washington, who, one day last autumn, while out with his camera, chanced to behold a thing the like of which has rarely been seen by human eyes—namely, an accidental tumble by a squirrel in its native woods. It is hardly possible to imagine any creature more sure of its footing than a squirrel on a tree. On this occasion a black squirrel was disporting himself in gay fashion on a tall hickory and the Doctor edged around the tree to get a snap of him if possible. He ran out upon an old branch, the bark of which, being decayed, suddenly yielded, so that he came tumbling sheer to the ground from a height of fully one hundred feet.

"He came down upon his little stomach, too," said Doctor Shufeldt, in telling the story, "and I supposed, as a matter of course, that he had been killed by the fall. But my anxiety in his behalf was entirely uncalled for. As I ran forward to pick him up he recovered himself and his presence of mind in an instant, and like a flash was off and up another hickory tree. It is needless to say that I got no photograph of him."

It is not at all hard to get photographs of flying squirrels, which are the most tamable of the squirrel kind. They are disposed, indeed, to be very sociable with man, and often live under the eaves of houses and in similar retreats in and about human dwellings. They make engaging pets, being gentle, soft and fluffy, and of an affectionate disposition. In the woods one rarely sees them, their habit being to sleep away the daylight hours in hollow trees or other convenient hiding places, from which they come forth at night to amuse

Golden-winged Woodpecker

Young Barred Owl

Prairie Dog

themselves and to gather food. On moonlight nights one has a chance now and then to watch them running along the tree branches and sailing from tree to tree, often covering forty or fifty yards at a leap.

An interesting subject is the chipmunk, which rarely ascends trees, preferring to live in a hole in the ground and to spend its time in scampering along fence-rails and over stumps and rocks. It is an easy subject for a photograph, comparatively speaking. By sitting down near its hole, camera in hand, and making a squeaking noise, one may readily persuade it to come out, when it will sit at the entrance of its burrow and listen and watch to see what the sound signifies. The burrow is usually located near the roots of a tree, in a decayed stump, or in a heap of rocks. It descends almost perpendicularly at first, then rises in one or two windings, and finally terminates in a chamber lined with leaves, in which the striped tenants lie, three or four of them together. The young are born in the spring and when first led forth by their mother are exquisite little creatures.

Flying Squirrel

Luring Animals by Arousing Their Curiosity

Curiosity seems to be a universal weakness among mammals and birds, and the knowing hunter for animal photographs often takes advantage of it. Sit down in a lonely spot in the woods, keep perfectly quiet, and make any sort of queer noise, not too loud, and various denizens of the forest in fur and feathers are likely to come to look into the matter. Doctor Fisher says that on one occasion he lured a barred owl within three or four feet of himself in this manner, by repeatedly making a gentle squeaking sound with mouth and fist. He thinks that the bird would actually have alighted upon his head if he had not suddenly looked up to see what it was doing. Another time he heard, in a thicket, a great outcry, made by many birds of different kinds, and found that the excitement was over a snake that was swallowing some young jays. All the feathered population of the neighborhood had assembled to investigate the disturbance.

With some animals the trouble is that they are not in the habit of going abroad in full daylight, but only in the early morning and late afternoon. This is the chief reason why it is hard to get a good photograph of a muskrat.

Photographing Baby Birds in Their Nest

To photograph young birds in the nest is easy enough, the camera being set up for time exposure. Little birds under such conditions are likely to remain still for at least a second or two at a time, and one must watch for his opportunity. When, after a while, they are quiet, press the bulb. Older birds in the nest are not more difficult to get than those just hatched, inasmuch as they are frightened and keep still if they see a person moving around. Sometimes the place where the nest is, is so dark as to require a rather long exposure.

Amateurs out West sometimes set up a dummy camera on the plains, and leave it for days together, so that birds or other animals will get used to its appearance. Even then, when the proper time comes, the photographer may have to dig a hole in the ground to lie in.

Accidents often yield results that are as delightful as they are surprising. One of the accompanying pictures, for example, is of a bat which was found by a mere chance in the daytime, hanging among the leaves of a tree.

Often very small photographs of wild animals, if clear, may be enlarged with admirable effect. The better the lens, of course, the greater the enlargement practicable. But it often happens that a man who goes out with a universal-focus camera gets fair results, while with his finer and more costly instrument he makes only failures, because the focus is not exact or the exposure is a trifle too long. The famous Wallihan, of Colorado, who hunts with a camera, wastes fifty plates for every successful negative that he gets. His favorite method is to station himself close by a trail leading to water, and then to wait until the animals he wants come by. It is work that requires a great deal of patience, as may be easily realized, but its rewards are worth all the trouble.

Muskrat, close to its hole by the water's edge

Fox Squirrel

Young Opossum

Red Squirrel

Red Squirrel

Stories of Great Musicians

By WILLIAM ARMSTRONG

MR. PADEREWSKI appears to be one of those people whose character and personality are so fixed in public opinion that with the majority, doubtless, he will remain the Paderewski of imagination rather than the Paderewski of fact. Upon me he made the impression of a well-informed but unimaginative man, one who can converse on almost any subject with wide general knowledge of it, but on whom his own remarkable experiences have left no emotional impression.

I once asked Sigismund Lebert, the noted piano teacher, how he liked Venice. He answered: "Oh, beautiful, beautiful! I stopped at a hotel where they had German cooking."

Somehow Paderewski reminds me of Lebert; very vaguely, of course, for he is a far more intelligent person, a man of the world, careful as a diplomat in what he says of people and conditions, and with a facial expression, or rather repression, equal to that of an ambassador. Yet with it all there is a childlike frankness that conveys the impression of perfect sincerity.

He is approachable and thoroughly interested in manner toward those with whom he is conversing, but neither emotion nor incident appears to have suggested much. He gave me some valuable points regarding those things which go to make success with the artist, and chief among these is personality.

When I asked him to tell me the effect upon him of his first arrival in America and of his appearance before the then strange public—of the anxieties such as all artists experience and that, it would seem, all must recollect—he said: "Well, I felt very lonely; I had no friends. But the day after I played I had a great many friends."

Everything seemed collective rather than individual with Paderewski. There was in this sudden access of friends none whom he remembered better than another, no incident that touched, none that recommended itself above another. He was lonely; he had friends—a kind of elemental collectiveness. Remember, I am not speaking of Paderewski the artist, but Paderewski the man. And somehow, to the majority, Paderewski the man, the personality, appears to be of considerably greater consequence than Paderewski the artist.

One night when I sat next to him at dinner he talked enthusiastically of Madame Ternani, the opera singer, pronouncing her the most beautiful woman he had ever met. Then he declared humorously that his admiration would better not become known or people would begin to say that he was in love with her. He had grown accustomed, by that time, to having many emotions ascribed to him.

As for himself, he is singularly straightforward. One night his secretary left the room to announce our arrival and returned with the word that Mr. Paderewski was in the middle of a sonata and would be with us as soon as he had finished it. An interesting message, in keeping with his personality.

Paderewski entered the room, ignorant of the excuse made for him. "I am sorry to have kept you waiting," he said simply, "but when I heard you gentlemen were in evening clothes I waited to put mine on." That was the sonata.

Mr. Paderewski's secretary, Mr. Goerlitz, has wit as well as imagination. As we were leaving, the card of a Chicago musician, more noted for his size and avoirdupois than for his accomplishments, was brought in. "Who is it?" asked Paderewski, eying the pasteboard.

"The largest of small pianists," was the secretary's reply.

"Did Paderewski impress you as a man incapable of emotional impression?" I asked of Madame Eames one morning.

"Exactly," she said. "I sang at a party where he played for the first time in Paris, and he seemed to me like a man with a stone wall around him."

Mistook the Critic for the Laundryman

Lassalle, the French baritone, labored under great excitement on the day of his first arrival in Chicago. A friend had shown him an afternoon paper which said: "Ancona's voice is fuller than Lassalle's." As Lassalle had not yet sung in Chicago he became excited to know how the critic had discovered this difference.

Later in the same day a musical critic went to his hotel to interview him. Mr. Grau was to translate. The critic was late and Mr. Grau was missing. The critic spoke no French. The Frenchman spoke no English.

Lassalle held the door ajar distrustfully. He was in a strange town. Already he had been outraged. There was intrigue in the air. Presently he talked in his native tongue. The critic explained his mission in his own. Excitement grew. Both talked at once, each determined to make the other understand by shouting at the top of his voice.

Suddenly a climax came. Rushing to a corner of the room Lassalle caught up a pile of soiled linen, and, precipitating himself at the critic, thrust the bundle into his arms, disregarding all protest. He had finally decided that he must be the laundryman, whom he was also expecting.

That night I met Lassalle. He was depressed, almost tearful. America was such a strange land.

Troubled by the Bird and the Dragon

Max Alvary, the tenor, once a matinée hero, and of a distinctly romantic appearance, found his great woe about the bird in Siegfried.

"You know," he said, "that bird is nevair right. He always slides down the wire when he should be some other place. One night I say to the stage manager: 'Herr Harder, that bird is nevair right, so how can I follow him? Sometimes he slides down twice and I cannot run after him when the music says No. In Boston you had a wooden one and the string broke and he fell to the stage with a terrible thump right in the middle of the performance. Please do not send that bird on again; let the illusion be sustained without him. No? Very well then, wait! You know what I do? I send my valet to the property-room. He steal him. That night there is no bird. The next night there is another? Pairhaps."

Once when the dragon exploded during a Siegfried performance at the Auditorium in Chicago was the single occasion upon which I have seen Alvary disconcerted. As Siegfried, the youth who knows not the meaning of fear, he was gayly preparing for the onslaught. The dragon was due. There came a roar of escaping steam and the stage thunder, hanging up in the neighborhood, rattled its loudest in sympathy. Alvary, the fearless Siegfried, jumped in the air and looked anxiously about him. The steam settled down to a steady hissing and the scene progressed, things being happily mended in time for the dragon to wriggle to execution.

Looks Kindly Even When He is Mephisto

Mr. Edouard de Reszke, big, warm-hearted, has a kind word for every one. There is about him none of that subtlety, finesse or innuendo that appear too often as artistic adjuncts. Kindliness is his ruling trait. It beams from his face even in the make-up of Mephisto as he smokes a cigarette between the acts. When other singers complain of the dust of the dressing-rooms getting into their throats and in grippe getting into their systems, he merely says: "The dust? La grippe? They never bother me!" Then he laughs until the chandeliers rattle.

When there is strife and contention in the air he goes about in depression. It seems a personal grief to him that there should be such an unnecessary thing in the world as a disagreement. When he comes into the wings word is passed, and presently there is a circle around him from the chorus or ballet, all looking up into that big, boyish, benign face of his and listening with ready smiles to any commonplace.

One of the pleasantest phases of a talk with Mr. Jean de Reszke is the way Mr. Edouard de Reszke sits by and admires everything his brother says. It is the looking up of the little brother to the big one, the fact of his own superior height not entering into the case.

"Yes," said Jean once, "as I was too ill to sing at Covent Garden, of course he could not stay in London without his big brother." And Mr. Edouard took it seriously without a smile.

I remember hearing Madame Nordica ask Jean de Reszke whether she should cross herself on ending the prayer of Desdemona.

"Never," was the reply; "touch your breast with your closed hand, so"—suiting the action to the word and with bowed head—"that will have the same effect, with the advantage of not dragging sacred things into play, which is something I think neither right nor in good taste."

Jean de Reszke was a clever mimic. Without a word of explanation he would simply sing a phrase with all the exaggerations and mannerisms of some artist in mind. There was never any label needed for recognition. One night a madman sprang on the stage during a presentation of Romeo and Juliet. Jean was about to begin the serenade. The madman started toward the singer, said something to him, and then faced the audience with incoherent mutterings. Mr. Jean did not so much as change his position. The audience was intensely excited, but quiet. An unsuccessful attempt was made by stage hands to drag the man from the boards. In the confusion the curtain was lowered with the man left between it and the footlights. A second attempt was more successful and the man was taken away. Then Jean sang the serenade with a perfect command of breath. Presently, when I shook hands with him in the wings, his hand was without a tremor, as his voice had been. The only evidence of excitement was that the tips of his fingers were chill.

"It is the brutality of it that I hate," he said. "If only he could have been gotten off the stage without the public seeing him!"

It is this same hatred of brutality that makes him so dislike the rôle of Don José. I have heard him groan as he stood in the wings waiting to go on for that final act in which Don José murders Carmen.

Madame Patti once told me of Jean de Reszke's first success.

"When I created Juliet in Gounod's Romeo and Juliet at the Paris Grand Opera, Mr. Jean de Reszke sang the Romeo. Before that he had sung every evening, but no one knew anything about him. That rôle it was which gave him a start to success. When he could not get a high note he would strike an attitude, planting his heel with a thud. Well, one night, having his usual trouble with the high note, he planted his heel right in the middle of my foot. 'Oh, madame,' he said, 'I beg your pardon!' 'I should think you would,' I replied, 'for a thing like that.' And then," as Madame Patti naively put it, "the opera went on."

Five-Cent Meals and Funny Shoes

Of all the artists I have met, Burmester's sense of the beautiful in Nature seemed the most fully developed. The landscape of Finland, with its gaunt pines and its gloom, oppressed him. That same landscape in bitter weather, covered under many feet of snow, left a strong impression. "We were out hunting one day and waiting for the game to pass," he told me. "The snow was banked under a dazzling sun. A lake frozen over was in the middle distance and in the heart of it was an island with one lonely pine tree, its arms hanging downward under the weight of snow. There it stood in the centre of a dazzling death and unbroken stillness as it had stood for ages; there it stood, facing me, so small in my brief mortality, and asking by what right I had intruded upon this great hushed eternity; by what right I even dared to be there, in that silent wilderness of snow and ice."

The fisherfolk on an island off Helsingfors knew him well, and when he went there they always expected a concert before he left them—a concert under flaring oil lights and with an unbroken attention deeper than Berlin's.

We went together to view the West Side slums of Chicago and it was with difficulty that I induced Burmester to stop his energetic researches short of experimenting in dining at a five-cent restaurant. A little later the show window of a sample shoe store, with no two pairs alike in the collection, engaged his attention. At that moment the paramount desire of his life was to possess a pair of orange-colored leather shoes such as he viewed displayed there. We were miles from his hotel, but that made no difference. The orange leather footgear was bought and he wore it home in contentment, carrying his walking shoes in a bundle under his arm.

There is with Burmester a supreme contempt for what he wears. That is one of his peculiarities, and it is a point that he frequently insists upon.

"If a man's linen is clean," he once emphatically announced, "it does not matter in the least what else he has on." He was destined to prove the sincerity of his logic. In the haste of departure to play with the Symphony Orchestra at Cincinnati his frock coat was forgotten. When he came out at the afternoon performance he wore one belonging to the conductor.

The fact that a foot difference in height in favor of the conductor existed between the two had no effect upon Burmester's equanimity. He did not in the slightest degree heed the smiles of amusement that he must have noticed on many of the countenances facing him.

"I played that afternoon," he said, "until my legs shook under me."

Editor's Note—As a newspaper man and musical critic, Mr. Armstrong has met most of the famous musicians of the present day and has had unusual opportunities for knowing them intimately. This is the second of a series of four anecdotal sketches from his pen, of which the first appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of August 11.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Made "Uncle Remus" Do His Errands

A Northern newspaper man happened to be in Atlanta, a stranger, on business connected with his profession. The city was crowded at the time, his accommodations were poor, and he had some difficulty in finding a suitable place to prepare his copy.

In this emergency he was courteously invited to make such use of the office of the Atlanta Constitution as he might desire, and he was not slow to take advantage of the opportune invitation.

On his first visit there a quiet, retiring fellow promptly surrendered his desk to him and modestly asked if he could be of any service. The visitor had a good deal to do and little time to do it in, and he found several ways of making the Atlanta man useful.

He had little hesitation in doing this because he was a man of some importance in his home office, and was accustomed to have other members of the staff give way to him, and perform various little services when he needed such help.

The quiet man proved most obliging, not only on this occasion but also on the following day when the Northerner had occasion to make use of the office again. He furnished some bits of information, accepted with becoming humility the rather brusque instructions of the visitor and attended to getting the copy to the telegraph office. The visitor, of course, thanked him, and the better to show his appreciation offered him a cigar.

Later, when about to leave the city, the visitor commented to another member of the Constitution staff on the extreme courtesy with which he had been treated, and expressed a regret that he had not met Joel Chandler Harris.

"Harris!" exclaimed the local newspaper man. "Why, you were sitting at Harris's desk, and Harris was the man who filed your copy for you."

"Great Scott!" cried the visitor; "you don't mean Joel Chandler Harris!"

"Yes," was the reply, "that's who it was."

"Have I had 'Uncle Remus' running errands for me? Why, I'd have written my stuff on the floor rather than disturb him if I'd known who he was!"

Another good story is told of a Northerner in Atlanta, who was a prescription clerk in a drug store, and who occasionally helped out at the cigar counter. He had only been in the store a few weeks when one day a quiet, unassuming man came in and asked for a cigar. He chatted pleasantly with the young man while he was lighting his weed, and then sauntered out. A minute or two later a big, pompous man promenaded past the store. His appearance and manner conveyed the idea that he was a man of some importance and that he fully realized it. Indeed, he was the kind of a man whom people involuntarily turn to look at.

"That," said the new clerk, looking after the pompous man reflectively, "must at the very least be the Governor of Georgia."

"Wrong," replied one of the other clerks. "You just sold a cigar to the Governor of Georgia. He was that quiet, unassuming little fellow. The big, pompous chap is his private secretary."

This happened some time ago, but Georgians doubtless will be able to identify the man.

Eddy's Thoughts Above the World

William A. Eddy, as the "Kite Man," has become widely known. He was primarily a kite flyer rather than a picture maker—that is, his success as an aerial photographer grew out of his love for experimenting in mid-air flying. As a mere boy his chief pastime was that of playing with kites, and his enthusiasm never failed to astonish his companions.

He has made his kites do many things in mid-air, but of course the most interesting results have been in the line of aerial photography.

He began real and serious experiments with kites when he was thirteen, and with balloons when he was sixteen, and he has been at both ever since. He was born in New York City, January 28, 1850, and twenty-one years later he secured the first mid-air, self-recording kite temperature.

On May 30, 1895, he took the first mid-air kite photograph in the Western Hemisphere. For nearly ten years he has carried out extensive and elaborate experiments with kites in atmospheric electricity, double and triple camera kite photography, and night and day war signaling with flags and lanterns. He also studied the audi' 'ity of music and other sounds evolved by a music box and bells lifted to a height of several hundred feet on the kite cable.

He has illumined the American flag aloft at night by colored fire near the flag and by fireworks, and has taken kite photographs of Philadelphia, Washington, New York, Boston, Portland, Reading, Stamford, New York Harbor, the State Camps at Sea Girt, and other places.

His views of great cities, as seen from aloft, have been a revelation, and have proven of fascinating interest—and they have shown the importance in photography, as in everything else, of a new point of view.

Bret Harte and the Appreciative Waitress

Bret Harte has been so long a resident of Great Britain that the days of his early fame, when he was a new writer and when from time to time he appeared on American lecture platforms, seem very far away.

He still loves to tell anecdotes of those early days, and among his stories is one of the time that he lectured at the famous New England town of Concord, Massachusetts.

On the morning following his lecture he went down into the dining-room of the inn, with his mind filled with thoughts of the men who had made the name of Concord so widely famous.

He looked dreamily from the window, fancying Hawthorne and Emerson and Thoreau and Alcott as they once paced along that village street. He was so wrapped up in thoughts of the past that he forgot the present, and did not notice that a prim young woman waiter was standing patiently beside him.

When she saw that at length she was observed, she rattled out, swiftly and without a break between any of the words:

"Mush, coffee, tea, ham, eggs and bacon. I enjoyed your lecture last night very much, Mr. Harte; there was a very select audience."

WILLIAM A. EDDY

MRS. POTTER PALMER

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

An Editor's Dramatic Entrance

That a widely known editor, even though the father of a still more famous son, is sometimes caught off his guard, was shown at a recent meeting in Philadelphia.

It was a great mass meeting at one of the theatres. Every seat was occupied, and crowds besieged the entrances. So turbulent was the crowd even at the stage door that it was locked on the inside. The messenger boys for the newspapers were let out and in through a window of the Green Room. The boys had to climb a high picket fence, jump down into an inclosure, clamber up on a window-sill, and then, when the window was opened, drop down to the floor inside.

One of the boys had just been admitted. But before the window could be closed there loomed up, on the high sill, the form of a man. He was well dressed and of distinguished appearance. He had scaled the pointed iron pickets at the imminent risk of body and raiment, had clambered to the sill, and stood there, poised like a bird about to flutter down from a tree branch. His knees were crooked for the spring.

"Hallo, there! Go back, you!" cried a policeman.

A shade of pained annoyance came over the climber's face.

"My good man, I'm Mr. ——"

"Don't care! Can't come in; get back!"

The man became a trifle embarrassed, but persistently held his place. Still keeping his knees crooked in their birdlike position he fumbled in his pocket and drew forth a card.

"I'm a newspaper man. See! Here's my police card!"

The policeman became tolerantly suave at once, and the man dropped to the floor, straightened his coat and cuffs, and walked smilingly to the stage. It was Mr. L. Clarke Davis, editor of the Philadelphia Public Ledger, and the father of Mr. Richard Harding Davis.

Our New Commander in China

In picking General Chaffee for command in China the War Department pitched on a fighter of the first class. Personally and in his daily relations with his officers and men the General is courtesy personified.

He is of calm, placid, equable temperament apparently, and in the years that he led a troop in the old Sixth Cavalry he was renowned for the "even tenor of his way" with even the toughest old rips to be found in the regular service—and in the decade that followed the Civil War that was the place to find them.

Chaffee's troop was always well fed, well groomed, well cared for. He had a patient, fatherly way with his men, and they would "take on" with him for one enlistment after another, to such a degree that he and his command were looked upon with something akin to envy.

"Chaffee believes in taking things easy," said a brother-in-arms long years ago, "but he spreads out like a clothes-horse when there's a shindy in sight!"—and there is a power of description in that way of putting it.

Just look at his record! "Buckeye" born and bred, he enlisted in the Sixth Regular Cavalry when they were "raised," in '61. He was a boy of nineteen with no previous knowledge of military life, but a few months at Carlisle and in the ranks made an expert trooper of a natural Ohio horseman. In a year he was wearing chevrons and charging with flashing blade at Hanover Court House. Within another he had been through a dozen battles, was first sergeant, and was recommended for a commission.

Back from Stoneman's raid in April, '63, he found a lieutenancy waiting for him; made it a "brevet first" at Gettysburg; was severely wounded in the mêlée at Fairfield; hit again at Brandy Station; yet stuck to the saddle all through Sheridan's great raid, winning the brevet of captain at Dinwiddie Court House. He fought like a terror at Five Forks and Sailor's Creek, and wound up at Appomattox an adjutant of his gallant regiment.

They kept him on regimental staff duty after that until he got his troop and the "double bars" in October, '67. Then he went to Texas, was tried at tackling the Comanches, and won by brevet the gold leaves of a major for a plucky fight on Paint Creek. Kiowas and Comanches both kept out of Chaffee's way after that for many a year, and, to his disgust, he and his troop were sent to Mississippi in the Ku-Klux days.

He and his men were glad to get back to the plains and into the Miles campaign of '74 against the bravest warriors of the frontier, the Cheyennes. Miles held him up for another brevet—that of lieutenant-colonel—for distinguished services in successfully leading a cavalry charge over rough and precipitous bluffs held by hostile Indians, August 30, '74.

Then he was moved out to Arizona, put in charge of the San Carlos Indian Reservation, and took his turn in the sharp campaign against those champion mountain fighters, the Apaches. Brevets being about exhausted, he got commended in orders for his gallant services. Under orders of General Crook, Chaffee chased the agile Apaches clear into Mexico and would have gone to Zacatecas had the Indians led the way.

From '84 to '98 came a period of rest, but not of rusting. He was lieutenant-colonel of the Third Cavalry when the war with Spain broke out, and was one of the first of his grade chosen to serve as a Brigadier-General of Volunteers.

Then came the opportunity of his life, and the correspondents couldn't say enough of his superb courage and fighting capacity.

If ever he "spread out like a clothes-horse" in the old cavalry days he spread out like the horse itself in front of Santiago where, with his line halted in the long grass, and with an unseen foe raining steel-clad Mausers on them, the General "strode raging" up and down the fiery field regardless of the bullets that nipped the buttons from his uniform. Major-General they made him for that and Major-General he remained until Congress decreed the reduction of the fighting force, in April, '99. Since then he has served with the "single star" in common with the limited few retained for duty in Cuba; and it was fortunate for the Government that he had not been mustered out of the Volunteer service and was available for duty in China when this tremendous outbreak occurred, for he is a brave and capable man for that Chinese work.

In many a trait and in some of his physical points Chaffee is not unlike Lawton. One thing is certain—that where square, hard fighting is to be done he will be found at his best; and "unless all signs fail" there's work cut out for him now that will win again the "double stars"—or immortality—or both.

—CHARLES KING,
Brigadier-General, U. S. Volunteers.

The EAGLE'S HEART
By Hamlin Garland

AUTHOR OF MAIN-TRAVELED ROADS, BOY LIFE ON THE PRAIRIE, ROSE OF DUTCHER'S COOLLY, ETC.

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She flung herself down on the chair-arm and sobbed unrestrainedly. "Don't go—please!"

PART II—CHAPTER THREE

THE YOUNG EAGLE RETURNS TO HIS AERIE

IT WAS good to face the West again. The wild heart of the youth flung off all doubt, all regret. Not for him were the quiet joys of village life. No lane or street could measure his flight. His were the gleaming, immeasurable walls of the Sangre de Cristo range, his the grassy mountain parks and the silent cañons and the peaks. "Forget the East, and all it owns," was his mood, and in that mood he renounced all claim to Mary.

He sat with meditative head against the window-pane, listless as a caged and sullen eagle, but his soul was far ahead, swooping above the swells that cut into the murky sky. His eyes studied every rod of soil as he retraced his way up that great wind-swept slope, noting every change in vegetation or settlement. Five years before he had crept like a lizard; now he was rushing straight on like the homing eagle who sees his home crag gleam in the setting sun.

The cactus looked up at him with spiny face. The first prairie-dog sitting erect uttered a greeting to which he smiled. The first mirage filled his heart with a rush of memories of wild rides, and the grease-wood recalled a hundred odorous camp-fires. He was getting home.

The people at the stations grew more unkempt, untamed. The broad hats and long mustaches of the men proclaimed the cow-country at last. It seemed as though he might at any moment recognize some of them. At a certain risk to himself he got off the train at one or two points to talk with the boys. As it grew dark he took advantage of every halt to stretch his legs and enjoy the fresh air, so different in its clarity and crisp dryness from the leaf-burdened, mist-filled atmosphere of Marion. He lifted his eyes to the West with longing too great for words, eager to see the great peaks peer above the plain's rim.

The night was far spent when the brakeman called the name of the little town in which he had left his outfit, and he rose up stiff and sore from his cramped position.

Kintuck, restless from long confinement in a stall, chuckled with joy when his master entered and called to him. It was still dark, but that mattered little to such as Mose. He flung the saddle on and cinched it tight. He rolled his extra clothes in his blanket and tied it behind his saddle, and then, with one hand on his pommel, he said to the hostler, moved by a bitter recklessness of mind:

"Well, that squares us, stranger. If anybody asks you whichaway Black Mose rode jist say ye didn't notice." A leap, a rush of hoofs, and the darkness had eaten both horse and man.

It was a long ride, and as he rode the dawn came over the plains, swift, silent, majestic with color. His blood warmed in his limbs and his head lifted. He was at home in the wild once more; all ties were cut between him and the East. Mary was not for him. Maud had grown indifferent. Jack would never come West, and Mr. and Mrs. Burns were merely cheery memories. There was nothing now to look backward upon—nothing to check his career as hunter and explorer. All that he had done up to this moment was but careful preparation for great journeys. He resolved to fling himself into unknown trails—to know the mountains as no other man knew them.

Again he rode down into the valley of the Arickaree, and as the boys came rolling out with cordial shouts of welcome his eyes smarted a little. He slipped from his horse and shook hands all around, and ended by snatching Pink and pressing her soft cheek against his lips—something he had never done before.

They bustled to get his breakfast, while Reynolds took care of Kintuck. Cora, blushing prettily as she set the table for him, said: "We're mighty glad to see you back, Mose. Daddy said you'd never turn up again, but I held out you would."

"Oh, I couldn't stay away from Kintuck and little Pink," he replied.

"How'd they feed ye back there?" inquired Mrs. Reynolds.

"Oh, fair to middlin'—but of course they couldn't cook like Ma Reynolds."

"Oh, you go bark!" cried Mrs. Reynolds, vastly delighted. "They've got so much more to do with."

It was good to sit there in the familiar kitchen and watch these simple, hearty women working with joy to feed him. His heart was very tender, and he answered most of their questions with unusual spirit, fending off, however, any reference to old sweethearts. His talk was all of absorbing interest to the women. They were hungry to know how people were living and dressing back there. It was so sweet and fine to be able to return to the East—and Mrs. Reynolds hoped to do so before she died. Cora drew from Mose the information that the lawns were beautifully green in Marion, and that all kinds of flowers were in blossom and that the birds were singing in the maples. Even his meagre descriptions brought back to the girl the green freshness of June.

"Oh, I'm so tired of these bare hills," she said wistfully. "I wish I could go East again, back to our old home in Missouri."

"I wish now I'd stayed here and sent you," said Mose.

Editor's Note—The Eagle's Heart was begun in The Saturday Evening Post of June 16.

She turned in surprise. "Why so, Mose?"

"Because I had so little fun out of it, while to you it would have been a picnic."

"You're mighty good, Mose," was all she said in reply, but her eyes lingered upon his face, which seemed handsomer than ever before, for it was softened by his love, his good friends and the cheerful home.

In the days that followed Cora took on new youth and beauty. Her head lifted, and the swell of her bosom had more of pride and grace than ever before in her life. She no longer shrank from the gaze of men, even of strangers, for Mose seemed her lover and protector. Before his visit to the East she had doubted, but now she let her starved heart feed on dreams of him.

Mose had little time to give to her, for (at his own request) Reynolds was making the highest use of his power. "I want to earn every cent I can for the next three months," Mose explained, and he often did double duty. He was very expert now with the rope and could throw and tie a steer with the best of the men. His muscles seemed never to tire nor his nerves to fail him. Rain, all-night rides, sleeping on the ground beneath frosty blankets, nothing seemed to trouble him. He was never cheery, but he was never sullen.

One day in November he rode up to the home ranch leading a mule with a pack-saddle fully rigged.

"What are you doing with that mule?" asked Reynolds as he came out of the house followed by Pink.

"I'm going to pack him."

"Pack him? What do you mean?"

"I'm going to hit 'the long trail.'"

Cora came hurrying forward. "Good-evening, Mose."

"Good-evening, Cory. How's my little Pink?"

"What did you say about hittin' the trail, Mose?"

"Now I reckon you'll give an account of yourself," said Reynolds with a wink.

Mose was anxious to avoid an emotional moment; he cautiously replied: "Oh, I'm off on a little hunting excursion; don't get excited about it. I'm hungry as a coyote; can I eat?"

Cora was silenced but not convinced, and after supper, when the old people withdrew from the kitchen, she returned to the subject again.

"How long are you going to be gone this time?"

Mose saw the storm coming, but would not lie to avoid it.

"I don't know; mebbe all winter."

She dropped into a chair facing him, white and still. When she spoke her voice was a wail. "Oh, Mose! I can't live here all winter without you."

"Oh, yes, you can; you've got Pink and the old folks."

"But I want *you!* I'll die here without you, Mose. I can't endure it."

His face darkened. "You'd better forget me. I'm a hoodoo, Cory; nobody is ever in luck when I'm around. I make everybody miserable."

"I was never really happy till you come," she softly replied.

"There are a lot of better men than I am jest a-honein' to marry you," he interrupted her to say.

"I don't want them—I don't want anybody but you, and now you go off and leave me——"

The situation was beyond any subtlety of the man, and he sat in silence while she wept. When he could command himself he said:

"I'm mighty sorry, Cory, but I reckon the best way out of it is to just take myself off in the hills where I can't interfere with any one's fun but my own. Seems to me I'm fated to make trouble all along the line, and I'm going to pull out where there's nobody but wolves and grizzlies, and fight it out with them."

She was filled with a new terror: "What do you mean? I don't believe you intend to come back at all!" She looked at him piteously, the tears on her cheeks.

"Oh, yes, I'll round the circle some time."

She flung herself down on the chair-arm and sobbed unrestrainedly. "Don't go—please!"

Mose felt a sudden touch of the same disgust which came upon him in the presence of his father's enforcing affection. He arose. "Now, Cory, see here: don't you waste any time on me. I'm no good under the sun. I like you and I like Pinkie, but I don't want you to cry over me. I ain't worth it. Now that's the truth. I'm a black hoodoo, and you'll never prosper till I skip; I'm not fit to marry any woman."

Singularly enough, this gave the girl almost instant comfort, and she lifted her head and dried her eyes, and before he left she smiled a little, though her face was haggard and tear-stained.

Mose was up early and had his packs ready and Kintuck saddled when Mrs. Reynolds called him to breakfast. Cora's pale face and piteous eyes moved him more deeply than her sobbing the night before, but there was a certain inexorable fixedness in his resolution, and he did not falter. At bottom the deciding cause was Mary. She had passed out of his life, but no other woman could take her place—therefore he was ready to cut loose from all things feminine.

"Well, Mose, I'm sorry to see you go, I certainly am so," said Reynolds. "*But*, you ah you' own master. All I can say is, this old ranch is open to you, and shall be so long as we stay hyer—though I am mighty uncertain how long we shall be able to hold out agin this new land-boom. You had better not stay away too long, or you may miss us. I reckon we ah all to be driven to the mountains very soon."

"I may be back in the spring. I'm likely to need money and be obliged to come back to you for a job."

On this tiny crumb of comfort Cora's hungry heart seized greedily. The little pink-cheeked one helped out the sad meal. She knew nothing of the long trail upon which her hero was about to set foot, and took possession of the conversation by telling of a little antelope which one of the cowboys had brought her.

The mule was packed and Mose was about to say good-by. The sun was still low in the eastern sky. Frost was on the grass, but the air was crisp and pleasant. All the family stood beside him as he packed his outfit on the mule and threw over it the diamond hitch. As he straightened up he turned to the waiting ones and said, "Do you see that gap in the range?"

They all looked where he pointed. Down in the west, but lighted into unearthly splendor by the morning light, arose the great range of snowy peaks. In the midst of this impassable wall a purple notch could be seen.

"Ever sence I've been here," said Mose with singular emotion, "I've looked away at that range and I've been waiting my chance to see what that cañon is like. There runs my trail—good-by."

He shook hands hastily with Cora, heartily with Mrs. Reynolds and kissed Pink, who said, "Bring me a little bear or a fox."

"All right, honey, you shall have a grizzly."

He swung into the saddle. "Here I hit the trail for you blue notch and the land where the sun goes down. So long."

"Take care o' yourself, boy."

"Come back soon," called Cora, and covered her face with her shawl in a world-old gesture of grief.

In the days that followed she thought of him as she saw him last, a minute fleck on the plain. She thought of him when the rains fell, and prayed that he might not fall ill of fever or be whelmed by a stream. He seemed so little and weak when measured against that mighty and merciless wall of snow. Then when the cold white storms came and the plain was hid in the fury of wind and sleet, she shuddered and thought of him camped beside a rock, cold and hungry. She thought of him lying with a broken leg, helpless, while his faithful beasts pawed the ground and whinnied their distress. She spoke of these things once or twice, but her father merely smiled.

"Mose can take care of himself, daughter; don't you worry."

Months passed before they had a letter from him, and when it came it bore the postmark of Durango.

> "*Dear Friends:* I should a-written before, but the fact is I hate to write and then I've been on the move all the time. I struck through the gap and angled down to Taos, a Pueblo Indian town, where I stayed for a while—then went on down the valley to Santa Fé. There I hunted up Delmar. He was glad to see me, but he looks old. He had a very bad time after I left. It wasn't the way the papers had it—but he won out all right. He sold his sheep and quit. He said he got tired of shooting men. I stayed with him—he's got a nice family—two girls—and then I struck out into the Pueblo country. These

little brown chaps interest me, but they're a different breed o' cast from the Ogallalahs. Everybody talks about the Snake Dance at Moki, so I'm angling out that way. I'm going to do a little cow-punchin' for a man in Apache County and go on to the Dance. I'm going through the Navajoe reservation. I stand in with them. They've heard of me some way—through the Utes, I reckon.'

The accounts of the Snake Dance contained mention of "Black Mose," who kept a band of toughs from interfering with the dance. His wonderful marksmanship was spoken of. He did not write till he reached Flagstaff. His letter was very brief. "I'm going into the Grand Cañon for a few days, then I go to work on a ranch south of here for the winter. In the spring I'm going over the range into California."

When they heard of him next he was deputy marshal of a mining town, and the Denver papers contained long dispatches about his work in clearing the town of desperadoes. After that they lost track of him altogether—but Cora never gave him up. "He'll round the big circle one o' these days—and when he does he'll find us all waiting, won't he, pet?" and she drew little Pink close to her hungry heart.

PART III—FIRST CHAPTER

THE EAGLE COMPLETES HIS CIRCLE

ALL days were Sunday in the great mining camp of Wagon Wheel, so far as legal enactment ran, but on Saturday night, in following ancient habit, the men came out of their prospect holes on the high, grassy hills, or threw down the pick in their "overland tunnels," or deep shafts and rabbit-like burrows, and came to camp to buy provisions, to get their mail and to look upon, if not to share, the vice and tumult of the town.

The streets were filled from curb to curb with thousands of men in mud-stained coats and stout-laced boots. They stood in the gutters and in the middle of the streets to talk (in subdued voices) of their claims. There was little noise. A deep murmur filled the air, but no angry curse was heard, no whooping. In a land where the revolver is readier than the fist men are wary of quarrel, careful of abuse and studiously regardful of others.

There were those who sought vice, and it was easily found. The saloons were packed with thirsty souls, and from every third door issued the click of dice and whirr of whirling balls in games of chance.

Every hotel barroom swarmed with persuasive salesmen bearing lumps of ore with which to entice unwary capital. All the talk was of "pay-streaks," "leads," "float," "whims" and "up-raises," while in the midst of it, battling to save souls, the zealous Salvation Army band paraded to and fro with frenzied beating of drums. Around and through all this, listening with confused ears, gazing with wide, solemn eyes, were hundreds of young men from the middle East, farmers' sons, cowboys and miners. To them it was an awesome city, this lurid camp, a wonder and an allurement.

To Mose, fresh from the long trail, it was irritating and wearying. He stood at the door of a hotel, superbly unconscious of his physical beauty, a sombre dream in his eyes, a statuesque quality in his pose. He wore the wide hat of the West, but his neat, dark coat, though badly wrinkled, was well cut, and his crimson tie and dark blue shirt were handsomely decorative. His face was older, sterner and sadder than when he faced Mary three years before. No trace of boyhood was in his manner. Seven years of life on the long trail and among the mountain peaks had taught him silence and restraint and had also deepened his native melancholy. He had ridden into Wagon Wheel from the east eager to see the great mining camp whose fame had filled the world.

As he stood so, with the light of the setting sun in his face, the melancholy of a tiger in his eyes, a woman in an open barouche drove by. Her roving glance lighted upon his figure and rested there. "Wait!" she called to her driver, and from the shadow of her silken parasol she studied the young man's absorbed and motionless figure. He on his part perceived only a handsomely dressed woman looking out over the crowd. The carriage interested him more than the woman. It was a magnificent vehicle, the finest he had ever seen, and he wondered how it happened to be there on the mountain top.

A small man with a large head stepped from the crowd and greeted the woman with a military salute. In answer to a question, the small man turned and glanced toward Mose. The woman bowed and drove on, and Mose walked slowly up the street, lonely and irresolute. At the door of a gambling-house he halted and looked in. A young lad and an old man were seated together at a roulette table, and around them a ring of excited and amused spectators stood. Mose entered and took a place in the circle. The boy wore a look of excitement quite painful to see, and he placed his red and white chips with nervous, blundering and ineffectual gestures, whereas the older man smiled benignly over his glasses and placed his single dollar chip each time with humorous decision. Each time he won. "This is for a new hat," he said, and the next time, "this is for a box at the theatre." The boy, with his gains in the circle of his left arm, was desperately absorbed. No smile, no jest was possible to him.

Mose felt a hand on his shoulder, and turning, found himself face to face with the small man who had touched his hat to the woman in the carriage. The stranger's countenance was stern in its outlines, and his military cut of beard added to his grimness, but his eyes were surrounded by fine lines of good humor.

"Stranger, I'd like a word with you."

Mose followed him to a corner, supposing him to be a man with mines to sell, or possibly a confidence man.

"Stranger, where you from?"

"From the Snake country," replied Mose.

"What's your little game here?"

Mose was angered at his tone. "None of your business."

The older man flushed, and the laugh went out of his eyes. "I'll make it my business," he said grimly. "I've seen you somewhere before, but I can't place you. You want to get out o' town to-night; you're here for no man's good—you've got a 'graft.'"

Mose struck him with the flat of his left hand, and, swift as a rattlesnake's stroke, covered him with his revolver. "Wait right where you are," he said, and the man became rigid. "I came here as peaceable as any man," Mose went on, "but I don't intend to be ridden out of town by a jackass like you."

The other man remained calm. "If you'll kindly let me unbutton my coat I'll show you my star; I'm the City Marshal."

"Be quiet," commanded Mose; "put up your hands!"

Mose was aware of an outcry, then a silence, then a rush. From beneath his coat, quick as a flash of light from a mirror, he drew a second revolver. His eyes flashed around the room. For a moment all was silent, then a voice called, "What's all this, Haney?"

"Keep them quiet," said Mose, still menacing the officer.

"Boys, keep back," pleaded the Marshal.

"The man that starts this ball rolling will be sorry," said Mose, searching the crowd with sinister eyes. "If you're the Marshal, order these men back to the other end of the room."

"Boys, get back," commanded the Marshal. With shuffling feet the crowd retreated. "Shut the door, somebody, and keep the crowd out."

The doors were shut, and the room became as silent as a tomb.

"Now," said Mose, "is it war or peace?"

"Peace," said the Marshal.

"All right." Mose dropped the point of his revolver.

The Marshal breathed more freely. "Stranger, you're a little the swiftest man I've met since harvest, would you mind telling me your name?"

"Not a bit. My friends call me Mose Harding."

"Black Mose!" exclaimed the Marshal, and a mutter of low words and a laugh broke from the listening crowd. Haney reached out his hand. "I hope you won't lay it up against me." Mose shook his hand and the Marshal went on: "To tell the honest truth, I thought you were one of Lightfoot's gang. I couldn't place you. Of course I see now—I have your picture at the office—the drinks are on me." He turned with a smile to the crowd: "Come, boys—irrigate and get done with it. It's a horse on me, sure." The Marshal continued to apologize. "You see, we've been overrun with 'rollers' and 'skin-game' men, and lately three expresses have been held up by Lightfoot's gang, and so I've been facing up every suspicious immigrant. I've had to do it—in your case I was too brash—I'll admit that—but come, let's get away from the mob. Come over to my office, I want to talk with you."

Mose was glad to escape the curious eyes of the throng. While his life was in the balance he saw and heard everything hostile, nothing more—now he perceived the crowd to be disgustingly inquisitive. Their winks and grins and muttered words annoyed him.

"Open the door—much obliged, Kelly," said the Marshal to the man who kept the door. Kelly was a powerfully built man, dressed like a miner, in broad hat, loose gray shirt and laced boots, and Mose admiringly studied him.

"This is not 'Rocky Mountain Kelly'?" he asked.

Kelly smiled. "The same; 'Old Man Kelly' they call me now."

Mose put out his hand.

"I'm glad to know ye. I've heard Tom Gavin speak of you."

Kelly shook heartily. "Oh! do ye know Tom? He's a rare lump of a b'y, is Tom. We've seen great times together on the plains and on the hills. It's all gone now. It's tame as a garden since the buffalo went; they've made it another world, b'y."

"Come along, Kelly, and we'll have it out at my office."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Be quiet," commanded Mose, "put up your hands!"

The Future of Aluminum

THE history of aluminum is, in many respects, similar to that of a "boom town" in the West. With its discovery came the circulation of wondrous tales of prospective revolutions which it was expected to work in manufactures. Then came a sudden descent from these roseate prophecies, which appeared to many persons like the collapse of the "boom." Finally we find the industrial world entering upon a new epoch in aluminum utilization, equipped with a full realization of the exact limitations and possibilities of this remarkable metal.

The aluminum industry proper is not forty years old, although the discovery of the metal was made about three quarters of a century ago. For years almost its sole use was in the manufacture of toilet articles and semi-ornamental novelties of various kinds.

The progress of the metal has been more rapid in this country than in Great Britain, where its manufacture and sale are controlled by a single corporation. The British Government has utilized aluminum in connection with ballooning and field telegraphing, but has not introduced it in the soldier's equipment or in the transport department.

The United States War Department, while anxious to make use of aluminum by reason of a desire to make our infantry equipment as light as possible, has not had very good success in the experiments thus far made, although it should be explained that they were undertaken before the discovery of the new process for reducing to a minimum the presence of impurities.

Ship building is another field wherein extensive experiments are being made with aluminum. The Elfride, the speediest yacht ever constructed in this country, has a framework of the new metal, and not only has it been employed in Great Britain in the interior fittings of ships and for torpedo tubes, but torpedo boats have been built exclusively of aluminum.

The French are already using aluminum extensively in the construction of automobiles, and their example will doubtless be followed on this side of the Atlantic. Although aluminum wires for telegraph, electric light and power transmission have only lately been introduced, hundreds of miles are already in use. The lithographers of this country and Europe would be in sore straits were it not for the invention of aluminum, for the Bavarian stone, which was used exclusively until a few years ago, for lithographic purposes, has lately shown that deterioration in quality which is the surest indication of an exhaustion of the supply.

The development of the aluminum industry has been phenomenal. Where half a dozen tons were produced a decade and a half ago, as many million tons are now turned out. The price per pound has also dropped from five dollars to less than thirty-five cents. Every clay bank is an aluminum mine, and the ore, which is in the form of an impure oxide and looks like clay, is found in especial abundance in several Southern States.

Many persons incline to the opinion that the fore part of the new century will be the age of aluminum as the past has been of electricity.

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No More Worlds to Conquer

THOUGH more men are now under arms than there ever were in any other period of the world's history, and the devices for killing soldiers are varied and effective to a degree that would have driven any of the great conquerors wild with envy, there is an utter lack of new worlds to conquer, and this lack promises to continue until means can be devised for sending military expeditions to some of the other planets. Russia has appropriated everything worth having in Central Asia, Africa has been divided into "spheres of influence" in which the nominal holders have their hands full and running over, the South American countries have been extending their borders inland ever since they got rid of the Spaniards and Portuguese, and even the smallest isles of the sea that were worth stealing have been snatched from the natives by big bullies calling themselves, in their superior wisdom, civilized nations

It cannot be denied that there remain many possibilities of fighting, but they are a disheartening lot to would be conquerors, for plunder—or ownership, which amounts to the same thing—is no longer possible in the old and popular manner Time was when a great nation desiring possession of a smaller one marched in and took it, but now the permission of several other great nations must first be obtained, and such permission is likely to cost more than the prize is worth. Even were it not so, the probable cost would be discouraging. In the days of Alexander, Xerxes, Timour and Genghis Khan men by thousands were gathered into bands, made their own bows and arrows, javelins and spears, and ate what they could find by the way; their pay consisted of what they could steal. Even in Napoleon's day the cost of cannon, pound for pound, was no greater than that of other castings of iron or brass, but nowadays a single battery of field guns costs as much as was paid for all of Napoleon's artillery. When "Old Ironsides" and other American frigates were taking an incalculable mass of conceit out of the British navy it cost only two or three dollars to fire one of their he[illegible] but when our thirteen-inch guns thundered at Cervera's fleet the expense of each shot was many hundreds of dollars. Britain's conquest of India, or such part of it as was effected by fighting, cost but a trifle, and there was much to show for it, but her struggle with a few thousand Boers has been costing more than a million dollars per day for half a year and the expense will continue at this rate until the war ends, when her gain, aside from a lot of grazing land [illegible] Western cattle men would think dear at a dollar [illegible] will have been merely "prestige" of a kind over which the thoughtful Briton will not do much crowing. The partitioning of China may sound well to soldiers who long for stations, but the hatred in which India holds Britain is likely to warn other Powers against trying to assimilate countless millions of a civilization far older than their own

World-conquering after the old fashion is a dead business; nothing can bring it to life again. Nations may continue to fight, but very few and small are they that will disappear in the maw of their victors. The real conquests of the future will be made by the traders, the teachers and the missionaries who follow new flags into old lands. The United States are setting the example in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, and the robber-nations of Europe are too wise not to profit by it. —JOHN HABBERTON.

In [illegible] of [illegible] enough [illegible] for [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible]

An Age of Minor Frauds

IT IS an age of adulterations and substitutions. From the newest drug to the oldest picture all things are subject to imitation. Of course imitations are not commonly equal to the original, unless one accepts such a case as that of Bol, who imitated Rembrandt so well that one cannot tell his pictures from that of his master, or of Troutilebert, who is said to have painted rather better Corots than Corot painted himself, or of Byron, who, revering Pope and regarding him as a model, wrote twice as well as Pope knew how to write. But it is not the duplication of Van Marckes and Daubignys and Diazes for the cheap auction marts that need vex the ordinary citizen, for as a rule he is not a heavy investor in such art, and when he does buy a Millet he insists on bargain prices. It is the minor frauds in material that have become common. He buys a picture, does our patron, which was painted to order by some promising young townsman with a conscience, and after it is hung up at home it begins to look less bright. The color not only sinks and dulls beyond the remedy of varnish, but it changes and fades. The crimson he so admired in the sunset becomes a rusty brown. The yellow in the robe grows green. The blue of the sky turns into a zinnober. The materials have been adulterated.

The citizen no doubt owns a book that is a matter of pride to him: a limited edition of some favorite author, with special plates and a tasteful binding. He keeps it on his shelf where he can see the outside of it, and reads something else, because it is too fine to handle. After some years he notices that the edges of the leaves are turning brown; after another while the paper begins to chip and the print to look muddy; one day he cracks a leaf through, while bending it. Lo! the paper is made of wood pulp, and is worthless.

He buys a handsome chair in one of the shops where they sell everything from collar buttons to pulpits, and assembles the family to admire it. It is pretty, and no mistake, with its gracefully wrought arms, its neatly tapering legs, its soft cushion in delicate colors, its carven back. He puts it near the register, the radiator or the fireplace, and in time he finds that the veneer which represented rosewood, mahogany or cherry is peeling off, that the carving on the back is composition, that the rep in the seat is sleazy, that the whole thing is drying and becoming disjoined.

He orders a frame for one of his pictures and the gold blackens, the carving cracks off because it is not carved, and the wood cracks. It is raw wood and bogus gold

He finds a charming little French bronze: a nymph with draperies floating about her and rising so lightly that she seems about to fly. One day he drops her and she breaks like a piece of coal. He finds that he has paid $150 for a figure in spelter

His son collects postage stamps until he buys a bunch of rarities at a high figure, or pays ten cents for a new, uncanceled issue from Samoa that has a face value of a dollar. Then somebody tells him that it is an easy matter to copy stamps in photogravure and print them in color, and he drops into a chair and thinks quite hard.

The victim of commercial enterprise sits at his fireside on a chair warranted to last for five years, with his feet in paper-soled slippers and his plump form in an all-wool suit that came from a shoddy mill in Vermont, and tries to digest his dinner after drinking wine from California, enriched in France with water, fusel-oil and logwood, and coffee made of ochre, beef blood and peas, and he wonders if sin comes natural to people who sell things. He recalls masters in the museum that are as sound as if they had left their studios but fifty years ago; carved Buddhas in wood that after two centuries show no warp or crack, Amsterdam and Oxford prints, readable and tough, though nearly three centuries old; German and Italian furniture that can be used every day, yet was made before the soldiers were born who fought in our Revolution; oriental rugs that have done duty in Eastern palaces for four centuries and have not yet lost their color. Then he turns to Bellamy and hopes that things will be different in 2000. —CHARLES M. SKINNER.

This selling of firearms to the uncivilized races is a matter of profit and loss—a profit of a few dollars in the selling, a loss of valuable lives when the guns are trained on our soldiers.

The Revealing Anecdote

GENIUS is character, although character is not by any means always genius. A shrewd lawyer said to a jury: "Gentlemen, you can see into the very soul of a witness through the little peep-holes of accident much better than by using the broad windows of deliberate revelation." Perhaps the old proverb, "Straws show which way the wind blows," is but another form of the same observation. Absolute sincerity often surprises every person concerned, not because people are so bad that self-concealment is a prime mode of defense, but because life has become so complex and artificial that to wear one's inner activities as an exterior mode of motion is not interesting to society. It is an accepted convention that self-revealment must not bubble freely up from the sacred wells. "Take the tags of sentiment and personal peculiarity off your sleeve."

But what is more delightful than those unstudied flashes of aboriginality which come up from the core of character, like rays from the inmost substance of a jewel or gleams from a deep well-head? The biographer revels in them, and their absence shuts out of a memoir just the salt of authentic seasoning. Just the smack of deepest human interest. Even the apochryphal touches of anecdote in our shadowy biography of Shakespeare do more to set the man before us than all his magnificent literary remains.

The happy thrusts of that keen rapier, accident, go home to the pith and marrow of character. Even the greatest fencer forgets his guard now and again. The Roman poet saw a laugh behind the legatee's tears. But there is nothing which so easily surprises the native lurking character of a man as one of those little emergencies which give the scene and the act of an anecdote, such as Montaigne and Carlyle liked to embody in their essays—such as those with which Browning embossed his poems. If you are running earnestly, your mind centred on a desired goal, and stub your toe, you may let go something from your mouth, an expression not germane to the aspiration of your main mood, yet sincerely native and characteristic. And so it is with the accidents of life which are gathered by the biographer and labeled anecdotes.

Men and women naturally object to having these apparently frivolous aspects of their lives set before the public. They are right: but the moral is—never write the biography of a living person. Your dead subject has not this fine sensitiveness. The much-talked of decline of oratory has a close connection with the decline of the anecdote. In the golden days of popular stump-speaking, eloquence depended much upon effective stories with the argument, making a fine oratorical sandwich, good to the public taste, convincing and memorable.

Those of us who in our callow days heard Beecher, Tom Corwin, Alexander Stephens, Henry Clay and Daniel W. Voorhees can never forget the ready anecdote with which almost every strain of reasoning was brought hard home to human experience and human sympathy. Of course, in many instances, the use of the anecdote became mere story-telling for the fun it aroused; but even then the connection was made, and the anecdote was a revelation. Aristotle would have called it a means of recognition by which the orator, the poet, the essayist, the biographer comes into deep and perfect touch with original human nature.

—MAURICE THOMPSON

Judging from the increasing number of accidents the automobile lacks horse sense.

Our Haphazard Cabinet

IN THE Republican platform is this: "In the interest of our expanding commerce we recommend that Congress create a department of commerce and industries in the charge of a secretary with a seat in the Cabinet." In the Democratic platform is this: "In the interest of American labor, and the uplifting of the working man as the cornerstone of the prosperity of our country, we recommend that Congress create a department of labor in charge of a secretary with a seat in the Cabinet."

When Washington began the Presidency in 1789 his Cabinet consisted of four—Secretary of State, Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of War, and Attorney-General. In 1798 a Secretary of the Navy was added; in 1829 the Postmaster-Generalship was created; in 1849 the Secretary of Interior became the eighth member, and in 1800 the Secretary of Agriculture completed the present list of the President's official advisers. Within the past decade no less than four new Cabinet officials have been seriously proposed. Measures for some of them have been introduced in Congress, and now the great parties officially recommend two. The British Cabinet has eighteen members, so that if we try to keep up with that country in numbers we shall have plentiful opportunity for additions. Of course there will be a demand for all possible vacancies. Education, navigation, public works, and other important interests will want places at the Cabinet table.

Among the serious students of government the conviction is general that there must come a time when the whole Cabinet scheme will have to be revised and systematized. The enormous growth of the country has given it a haphazard increase. The Interior Department, although one of the latest created, has more things and interests to handle than any other. Some of the bureaus of the Treasury have more work than several of the entire departments.

The one common and curious fact in the Cabinets of both the United States and Great Britain is that they are not Cabinets. Our own arrangement is more like a consultation board whose proceedings are seldom known to the public. The Cabinet of Great Britain has no official existence and no records are kept of its proceedings. Dicey in his history says "that the Government of England is in the hands of men whose position is legally undefined: that though the Cabinet is a word of every-day use no lawyer can say what the Cabinet is." The successful party calls a Prime Minister. The Prime Minister appoints his Cabinet and the administration stands or falls upon its work. Our Cabinet is different, and yet it is not a Cabinet in the real political purport of the term, and each Cabinet officer, with the exception of the Postmaster-General and the Attorney-General, and probably the Secretary of State, has under him important matters which are entirely foreign to his special sphere of work.

We all recall the gale of ridicule that blew from one end of the country to the other when the Department of Agriculture was being fought through a doubting Congress, and it is possible that some similar opposition will appear when the bills for the new positions reach the fighting stage. But unquestionably there must come a time when a great constructive statesman will do for the administration branch of the Government what John Marshall did for the laws in the first part of the century. Our national machine is getting so big that it will need improvement for smooth running and the best results. —LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

Speaking of Imperialists, what's the matter with your cook?

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

The Encampment of the Old Soldiers

Chicago having organized and managed the greatest world's fair in history—for big as the show at Paris is, it does not surpass the White City of the Unsalted Lakes—has got into a habit of doing things a little beyond precedents. And so when the Grand Army of the Republic meets there the last of this month it will find arrangements quite beyond anything it has known since it began to cement comradeship, gather history and draw pensions. The encampment will be the largest since the war, and most of the seven thousand posts will be represented by full delegations.

The Civil War closed thirty-five years ago and yet the Grand Army of its veterans numbers 288,000. It is a reminder of the stupendous totals of the greatest war of the century, a war in which 3,400,000 troops were engaged—2,772,408 Union and about 600,000 Confederate—and a war which cost over 400,000 lives and several billions of dollars. Now that we are a generation removed from the mighty struggle and our country has doubled in population and almost trebled in wealth we can only appreciate how big and how destructive this war was when we see the veterans who still survive and count the cost of the pensions which the services of the soldiers entailed. And it must be remembered that to the figures paid by the general Government to the Union soldiers must be added the annual appropriations which the Southern States make for the comfort of needy ex-Confederates—a sum considerably over a million dollars a year. Since the war closed the pensions paid by the Government amount to over $2,400,000,000—two billions and four hundred millions.

The Constant Increase of the Pension Lists

"What do you estimate the probable pension cost of the Spanish-American War?" was a question recently put to Hon. H. Clay Evans, the Commissioner of Pensions, by The Saturday Evening Post.

His reply was: "In the light of the experiences of the past I am not estimating. The pension demands in 1878 were about twenty-seven millions. General Garfield then predicted that the pension roll had reached its maximum."

"To what extent have the pensions from the Spanish-American War increased the total pension expenses?"

"Estimated from $350,000 to $400,000 per annum."

"How many applications are on file for pensions for service in the Spanish-American War, including Cuba, Porto Rico, Guam and the Philippines?"

"Up to the first of July, 30,410 claims have been filed."

Another Hundred Thousand Pensions

This country pays more in pensions to its old soldiers or their families than any other nation in the world. The constant broadening of the Pension laws has admitted almost every one who served in the army, and under the present statutes a soldier's widow is entitled to a pension of eight dollars a month.

This Government is now paying about $144,000,000 a year for pensions. Of this sum $140,000,000 goes to the army and $4,000,000 to the navy. In the Spanish-American War the total enrollment of troops at the highest points was 274,717. During the continuation of the war with Spain 297 officers and men were killed, sixty-five were wounded and 2565 died of disease, a total of 2910. Of course the fighting in the Philippines since then added to the losses growing out of the war which was officially ended in 1898, and the list will continue to grow. It is not too much to expect that there will be first and last from the Spanish-American War and the war in the Philippines at least 100,000 applications for pensions. This is not an estimate from Commissioner Evans, but is given here after a careful study of the figures of previous wars in this country. To prove this it is only necessary to quote the figures of the Civil War. In that conflict the number of troops on the Union side from first to last was 2,772,408, and to-day there are nearly a million pensioners on the roll, not counting the 50,000 dropped by death and other causes. The average of the allowances for the Spanish-American War is somewhat larger than those [illegible] will [illegible] probable [illegible] from the war with Spain and in the Philippines of somewhat like fifteen million dollars a year, or three-fourths of the entire sum that we paid to Spain for all of the Philippine archipelago.

COLONEL WILLIAM H CARTER

One interesting fact is that proportionately three times as many men have applied for pensions within two years after the close of the Spanish-American War as in the two years after the close of the Civil War.

What Two Peace Nations Have Paid

The annual army expenditures in this country are nearing the two-hundred-million mark, which includes the support of the army itself and of all the schools, colleges, hospitals and expenses connected with it. According to the official figures the war with Spain and the Philippines from May, 1898, to February, 1900, cost the United States a total of about $355,000,000, of which the War Department spent $255,000,000, the rest being spent by the Navy. The expenses in the Philippines now are placed at about a half million dollars a day.

The supplementary estimates necessitated by the prolongation of the war in South Africa were made public by the British Government recently and they called for $57,500,000 more, making the total up to the last of July $381,545,765. Other expenses which the war has involved for Great Britain carry this total almost to a half billion dollars. These are the vast war sums that the two great peace nations have recently paid and are paying.

The Navy and Its Homes

Of course it is known that our navy now means an annual expense of from sixty to seventy millions of dollars, but it is not all for the running of ships and the paying of men. For instance, the United States Government has an investment of over seven million dollars in naval schools and colleges and naval homes and hospitals; for naval schools and colleges $2,885,000; for naval homes and hospitals $4,435,900.

It costs $485,627.50 a year to run the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland; $15,422.05 to run the Naval War College at Newport, Rhode Island; $95,484.20 to run the Naval Training Station at Newport, Rhode Island; and $10,511.92 to run the Naval Training Station at San Francisco.

There is a naval home in Philadelphia which cost $68,333.04, and there are regular naval hospitals at Widow's Island, Maine; Portsmouth, New Hampshire; Chelsea, Massachusetts; Newport, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Norfolk, Port Royal, Pensacola, Florida; Mare Island, Sitka, Alaska; Yokohama, thirteen in all, costing from a few thousand up to $66,000 a year, or nearly $300,000 a year altogether.

Practically, of course, all this money is spent at home, and it must not be supposed that the navy which travels the most of all our war machinery is a loss to the country. For the year ending June 30 of this year 16,734 petty officers, seamen, enlisted men and apprentices in the naval service received $5,544,900 in wages, but a large part of this money was spent in this country. Each person in the Navy and Marine Corps, serving at remote stations or on board a seagoing ship, is allowed to allot a portion of his pay for the support of his family or other relatives, or for his own savings.

Neglecting Our Destitute and Wounded

One effect of any war is the neglect of the wounded and of the families of dead heroes. In the first flush there is always abundant generosity, but after a while the sharp edge is worn off public appreciation.

Already we have seen this in our own experience. The frenzy of assistance lasted only a few months, and now it is a deplorable fact that in this, the richest country the world has ever known, the victims of the Philippine War, our own brave men and kindred, are being neglected. A few weeks ago there appeared in The Saturday Evening Post an editorial entitled Mine Own People, and it was quoted in different parts of the country, and letters have come not only from the soldiers but from their families.

Here is a letter from an officer, an Ohio man, who served through the war with Spain: "There can be no excuse for this lack of attention upon the part of our citizens to the wants and absolute necessities of our army at the front, and the greater need of those who are returning to the United States invalided and discharged before they are completely recovered, or perhaps turned loose upon the unsympathetic public physical wrecks without means or strength to battle for existence. It is an eternal shame and a blot upon the fair name of this wealthy and patriotic nation that such affairs should exist.

COLONEL ALBERT D. SHAW

A Billion a Year on Armies and War

During the decade which is closing the present century there have been over a dozen wars, and they have cost more than 200,000 lives and many hundreds of millions of dollars. The most important of these are the war between China and Japan in 1894 and 1895, the war between Turkey and Greece in 1897, the war between Spain and Cuba, the war between Spain and the United States, the war between the United States and the Filipinos, and the war between Great Britain and the South African Republic. At the present time several wars are going on and more are threatened. Great Britain has not yet conquered the Boers; the United States has not yet conquered the Filipinos; Great Britain is fighting in Ashanti, and the situation in China offers all kinds of complications. The nations are spending over a billion dollars a year on their armies and wars.

The Increase Since the Peace Conference

It was less than two years ago—January 11, 1899—that Czar Nicholas issued his famous rescript for the limitation of the evils of militarism, and on the eighteenth of May followed the international conference at The Hague. The uppermost thought was disarmament, or if not that an "understanding," to quote the words of the Czar's circular, "not to increase for a fixed period the present effective of the armed military and naval forces and at the same time not to increase the budgets pertaining thereto." The conference was in session over two months and the chief result of the work was the agreement in favor of arbitration with the establishment of a permanent court of arbitration. Disarmament entirely failed.

But since that time more money has been spent in manufacturing instruments of war than at any other corresponding period in the world's history. Even in the United States, through whose efforts the arbitration victory was won, the war expenditures have been vastly increased, until now for all purposes they amount to almost a million dollars a day.

Great Britain's New Inquiry Commission

The experience in our war with Spain is yet remembered. For every man who was hurt in battle there were a dozen who fell by disease. In South Africa the story is even more dismal. The rapid movements of the troops left the wounded with insufficient care, and the breakdown in the hospital arrangements of the war has become a matter of Parliamentary inquiry. The Commission of Inquiry consists of five members—a judge, two doctors, a professor and a railway man. Already, however, the report of this body is being discounted just as was the case in the commission which met at Washington to investigate the charges against our own War Department. The British have lost in South Africa in killed, wounded, captured and sick more than 50,000 men, and less than one-fifth of these were injured in battle.

The Medals for Brave Men

With all the heroes of war of course there are certain compensations. It gives opportunities for the soldier to show the metal that is in him, and thus we have the new hero. In this country these medals mean a great deal, and the one that Colonel Albert D. Shaw, Commander of the G. A. R., wears is the pride of the old soldier.

The new generation has won honors in other fields. For instance, the medal of honor that was pinned to the breast of Colonel William H Carter, Assistant Adjutant-General of the U. S. A., was awarded for distinguished bravery in action against the Apache Indians in Arizona.

Like a flash the truth dawned on Doyle

The Whims of Captain McCarthy

By Joel Chandler Harris

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IV

CAPTAIN McCARTHY and Mr. Webb were engaged with the bankers until the luncheon hour, and as they drove up Broadway in the direction of the New York Hotel they passed a truck which was hauling a box that appeared to contain an upright piano. Four men stood in the body of the truck. They were engaged in holding the box in place. They saluted the occupants of the carriage as it passed, and were soon left far behind

"Some of your men, I suppose," suggested Mr. Webb

"Well, they are often valuable as acquaintances," replied Captain McCarthy.

In the piano box Mr. Doyle was confined. His position was not as uncomfortable as might be supposed. He sat in a cushioned [illegible] and though his hands and feet were tied, yet due regard to his comfort had been taken even in this. While this sort of confinement would have been intolerable if it had lasted for any considerable length of time, Mr. Doyle suffered no great inconvenience, for after being hustled about considerably and somewhat shaken up, he found himself apparently flying through the air for a space, and then the box in which he had his temporary habitation was slowly lowered until it rested on he knew not what

But presently he felt his small prison rocking slowly and regularly, and then he heard the soft lapping and splashing of water. Could the villains have thrown him into the river? No, for there were a number of small holes and vents in the box, and through these the water would have trickled. After a while he felt the trembling, jar of machinery, and then he knew he was in a boat. But whither bound?

Meanwhile, a great search was going on in all parts of the boat for a missing man. A distinguished-looking gentleman who seemed as if he had seen service was hunting everywhere for his cousin. His restless movements and eager inquiries showed that he was in great trouble. The Sarah Bolton, plying occasionally between New York and Bermuda, had few passengers on her outward trip, but to the most of these, at the supper-table, the distressed gentleman confided the information that his cousin was one of the best men in the world, and had as sound a mind as any one except on one particular subject

"He imagines," said the gentleman, "that he is a secret service agent for the United States. One day he has captured several dangerous conspirators, and the next day he has been, or is about to be, captured. This afternoon, coming down to the boat, he suggested that it would be an easy matter for the rebel conspirators to capture a detective and ship him off as freight in the hold of a steamer. He talked about it after we came on board."

Editor's Note—This story is a sequel to The Kidnaping of President Lincoln, though it is complete in itself. It began in The Saturday Evening Post of August 11.

"As if such a thing were possible in this prosy age," remarked a tall, romantic-looking young woman who sat at the Captain's table

"Why, the more impossible it is the more plausible he makes it appear, ma'am," said the distinguished-looking gentleman with a bow. "If you didn't know his peculiarity, you'd be bound to accept everything he said. He makes his incidents and adventures fit together just as they do in—well, in Sylvanus Cobb's stories

"Oh, have you read The Gunmaker of Moscow? I think it is perfectly delightful"

"The favorite author of my unfortunate cousin, ma'am, is Emerson Bennett," said the gentleman blandly, whereat the genial Captain came near drowning himself in a glass of water, as the saying is. It was the only way the [illegible] pathetic man could get rid of the laughter stored in his chest.

"What I am afraid of is that the poor man has jumped overboard," remarked the gentleman

"No, no! that couldn't be, you know. This boat has a watch. A cap'n, a mate, a bos'n and a watch. That's what she has. I'll find your cousin, my friend. Don't give my old lady a bad name before you come to know her."

When the Captain arose from his table the distinguished-looking gentleman arose with him, but paused with his hand on the back of his chair long enough to say:

"My cousin's name is Doyle—Philip Doyle—and should any of you find him hiding in your staterooms, don't be alarmed; he is as harmless as a child. Simply send word to the Captain, or the first mate, and all will be well."

"If I find him in *my* stateroom," remarked the tall young woman emphatically, "I know I shall faint."

The Captain and the distinguished looking gentleman left the dining saloon and went to the lower deck. In one corner, along with a lot of freight, was Mr Doyle's small prison house. Two or three of the crew were within call

"There's a stowaway aboard," the Captain said. "Take a lantern and search the hold as well as you can

When the men had descended out of sight he seized a hatchet and proceeded to knock away the boards that formed the roof of the box, remarking to his companion:

"I ordered this pianner for the ladies' saloon. The old one is laid up for repairs. You say you can play the pianner, and you ought to be a good judge of the thing. The firm guaranteed this one, and if you find a flaw in her, right back she goes. I'll not be swindled by chaps ashore. I'll—why, what in [illegible] was that? Well I never!"

With [illegible] exclaimed the distinguished-looking gentleman. He whipped out a pocket [illegible] and Doyle was soon released from his uncomfortable [illegible]

"Well! I've sailed the seas, high and coastwise, for nigh thirty year, but you're the first passenger I ever took on as freight. Wait! take your time and get your reckonings. In fifteen minutes you'll be all right, and then you can give me your name and destination. No doubt your clearance papers are all right."

But there was no need for Mr Doyle to wait. He was sore and stiff, but otherwise he was as sound as a dollar.

"Come right here to the galley," said the Captain; "you need something to eat, and many's the meal I've taken right here when in a hurry, or when the wind was blowing hard." He gave some sharp orders to the cook, and Mr. Doyle was soon enjoying what he regarded as the most delicious meal he had ever eaten

And while he was eating the Captain worked the box to the gangway opening and heaved it overboard, while the distinguished looking gentleman went upon the saloon deck and soon gave out the information that his cousin had been found

"He's improved in some respects, but in others he's worse. He was in the hold hiding from rebel emissaries, but he says he was captured by them to-day and brought aboard in a box. He says there was a chair in the box, and that he would have done very well if he hadn't been tied and gagged. He doesn't recognize me as his cousin, but his manner is more subdued. His eyes have lost their wild expression. The doctors said a voyage to Bermuda and back would help him, and I hope he's made his last exhibition. It is very distressing"

By this time all the passengers had gathered around the distinguished-looking gentleman

"I was in hopes," he went on, "that there would be no need of saying a word about my cousin's condition, but it has been unavoidable; and I am glad now that it is so, for I am a very poor judge of human nature, indeed, if I do not read sympathy in your faces. Now, the only request I have to make is that you will treat my cousin as if he were perfectly sane. Humor him by expressing surprise or indignation when he refers to his imaginary troubles. This is the doctor's advice."

The voice of the distinguished-looking gentleman was charged with a persuasive tenderness that brought tears to the eyes of the tall, romantic-looking young woman, and stirred the emotions of all who heard him. His gray hair, combed away from his forehead, and his strong features gave great impressiveness to his words. As by a common impulse the passengers came forward and pressed his hand, one by one.

"I beg to differ with Shakespeare in one respect," said the romantic-looking young woman, as she pressed the gentleman's fingers; "it is not the touch of Nature, but the hand of trouble, that makes the whole world kin."

"I thank you all for your sympathy," the gentleman [illegible] in husky tones. Then he raised his hand and listened. "They are coming. And now," he said, "let us break the monotony of the voyage with a little whist, or, if not whist, any game that will give an air of sociability to the company."

The Captain was talking to Doyle, and evidently trying to soothe him. "Don't you worry about it. I'm my own purser, and you can just consider your passage paid. Your yarn is all right all the way through. A man that's been through what you have can ship with me any day. You're on the Sarah Bolton, and Esseck Bolton is her Captain; that's me, and I'm glad to have you. You'll have as good a state room as there is on the vessel, and I'll take you back to New York. So don't worry. You'll find your fellow-passengers ever people; I didn't pick 'em out for their cleverness, but the Sarah Bolton has never had the bad luck to carry an ugly passenger. Now, just make yourself at home. You say you have no luggage; well, Mr Webb there will accommodate you with a change of linen until you have a chance to get [illegible]

Webb Did you say Webb?" said Mr. Doyle. "Why, that is the name of a very good friend of mine."

"That is what the Captain calls me," remarked the distinguished-looking gentleman with a grave bow.

"My name is Doyle," said the other, "though it is a wonder I haven't forgotten it, such a time I have had."

Now, Doyle was just as sane as any man on the boat—in fact, he was a man far above the average in intelligence—but such is the force and effect of prejudgment that everything he said and did confirmed the idea of his fellow-passengers that his mind was unbalanced. Their minds had been prejudiced in advance; they sought for evidences of monomania, and they found them in abundance, especially when the gentleman who had called himself Webb cunningly drew from Doyle the story of his day's adventure, and humored him into an unconscious exaggeration of the details. He narrated his adventures with such vigorous [illegible] events with such reality, as it seemed to his hearers, that more than one shook their heads when out of Doyle's sight and hearing, and remarked that it was a pity that a mind so vigorous and an imagination so powerful should be the prey of a mania, however harmless it might be to others

Indeed, the romantic young woman—Miss Henrietta Estes was her name—took the main incidents of Mr. Doyle's narrative and wove them into a love story. Its title was The Mysterious Voyage, by Katharine Merry. The curious will find it in the Seafoam Library series. These facts are mentioned here to provide against any possible charge of plagiarism that may be aimed at the present writer by those who have preserved copies of the pleasing and popular works included in the Seafoam series

By the time the Sarah Bolton reached Bermuda Mr. Doyle had conceived quite a friendship for the gentleman who called himself Webb. There was a reserve of strength, an undercurrent of courage and hope in his conversation, and something so restful, refreshing and pleasing in his countenance, gestures and attitude that Mr. Doyle was irresistibly attracted toward him. There seemed to be something more important than courtesy behind his affability, and the modulations of his voice appeared to speak for a mind full of tenderness and toleration toward all humanity

One morning, as the two sat under an awning on the upper deck, Doyle's companion waved his hand toward the horizon. "To the left of the flagstaff there you may see the northern portion of the Bermudas."

"I see nothing that looks like land," replied Doyle.

"Perhaps not. But if you were to follow the sea for a few years, the land line would be plain to you Look along the line of the horizon; can't you see a vague, misty marking of fog-color—a thin streak?"

"I suppose I could bring myself to imagine I saw it," responded Doyle, laughing.

"Well, it will be plain to you in half an hour."

"I suppose, then, I shall see the last of you to-day, and I am really sorry," remarked Doyle.

"Sorry?" exclaimed his companion. He clasped his hands behind his head, leaned back in his chair and regarded Doyle with a fixed and searching gaze.

"Yes, truly sorry," replied Doyle. "I don't know whether you have noticed it or not, but all the passengers on this boat regard me with an air of suspicion; anyhow, I have been thrown back upon you for companionship, and your conversation has been of great help to me. I have made many serious mistakes, and somehow you have held them up before me. Of course you didn't intend it. My mother was a deeply religious woman, but I had forgotten all about her teachings until I came to associate with you."

"Come, now! I hope I haven't been preaching to you," cried his companion, shaking with laughter.

"No, oh, no!" protested Doyle. "That is the beauty of it; you haven't said a word that even a mocker could twist into cant. But somehow"—he paused as if feeling for a word—"well, I can't explain it. But I have been hopelessly wrong in my methods, and I am in the wrong business."

"Well, that is a good beginning," remarked his companion with a cheerful smile. "Caution takes command when we begin to distrust ourselves. It is then that discretion finds an opening, and discretion is closely related to virtue. It is a quality you can't twist or change. A thief may be cautious, but he never can be discreet. The old saying, 'Discretion is the better part of valor,' has a very vivid meaning when it is taken literally. Your really valorous man is always discreet."

"Well, I have made up my mind to retire from the detective business," said Doyle with a sigh. "My unknown friend, McCarthy, has taught me a lesson. I am going back to New York to serve my country in some capacity where I can be more useful. No more secret service for me."

"Yet I judge from all you have said that you have information which would lead to the undoing of this McCarthy."

"Well, he'll never be bothered by me or my information," exclaimed Doyle emphatically.

"Now, that statement needs explanation," said the other, leaning forward with an appearance of interest.

"Why, don't you see that the man has been uncommonly kind to me? It was a contest as to which should hang the other. If we had captured him, he would have been hanged without a doubt. Now, he did capture me, and instead of dropping me into the bay or transporting me back to Richmond, he has taken this course. I am truly grateful to the man and I intend to tell him so when I get back to New York."

"Perhaps your gratitude is premature," remarked the other dryly.

"How can that be?" inquired Doyle. "He had me completely in his power, and here I am."

"That is true; here you are." This gentleman, whom the Captain had called Webb, regarded Doyle with a curious stare, as if he were studying a new problem.

"Yes, and life takes on a new kind of tone when a fellow goes through such an experience as mine. It gives a man something to think about. Anyhow, it has given me some new views." He paused and looked out over the slowly heaving sea. "Do you know McCarthy?" he asked after a while.

"Well, I have never actually seen the man face to face, but I know of him. He has a little girl of whom I am very fond. She is just jumping into her teens, using the years as a skipping rope. She is a very charming child."

"And just think!" exclaimed Doyle, bringing his fist down on his knee; "if my plan had carried, that child would have been an orphan."

"An orphan, indeed," said his companion gravely. "Her mother is dead." Doyle jumped from his chair and walked up and down excitedly. "Tut, man!" remarked his companion, "order a brandy-and-soda; your experience has unnerved you."

"You were never more mistaken in your life," exclaimed the other. "I am stronger now than I ever was. I know what I'm about. I tell you, when you have been tied and gagged, and placed in a box and left in the dark in more than one sense, not knowing what moment you are to lose your life, you have time to do a lot of hard thinking. Now, I must have been in that box about eight hours, and I saw then, as I never could have seen but for that experience, how I had been at outs with the plainest suggestions of duty. I tell you I seemed to be at a theatre where I was watching myself perform as a kind of comical heavy villain, if there is such a thing."

The two men watched the island slowly rise out of the sea until it presented a picture fair to the eye. They were silent for some time. Presently Doyle's companion spoke.

"And so you've made up your mind to seek out this Mr. McCarthy, and present him your compliments?"

"Yes, I have," replied Doyle emphatically. "I know he'll think I'm a fool, and he'll not believe me."

"Now don't pre-judge the man," the other protested.

"If I could explain my feelings to him as freely as I can to you, and be as sure of his appreciation and sympathy as I am of yours, it would be different."

"But are you sure of mine?"

"Why, certainly!" exclaimed Doyle.

"That is the reason why I now regret to bid you good-by."

Perhaps I shall be able to transact my business in time to return with the boat. Will you go ashore with me?

"No," replied Doyle. "I'll hang around the boat and watch and hope for your return."

"Well, in any event, I shall return to bid you good-by."

When the boat had been made fast to the landing the passengers hurried ashore. Doyle observed that every one of them seized an opportunity to shake hands with the man to whom he had talked so fully. And he wondered why.

The wharf at which the Sarah Bolton lay soon became the centre of great activity. As fast as the freight was unloaded and carried away, fresh freight arrived, and it continued to accumulate at a great rate. It was a curious conglomeration, representing hundreds of the manifold forms of appetite and desire. But Doyle noted that there was one class of freight which occupied a section of the wharf all by itself. It was composed of boxes or cases long and stout, and seemed to call for careful handling, partly on account of its quality, for, though it seemed to be heavy, in comparison with the size of the cases, it was cautiously lowered to the floor of the wharf. Doyle concluded that these boxes contained arms and ammunition, and he judged that they had been purchased by the Government to arm new troops called out by Mr. Lincoln; but he had never heard that Bermuda manufactured munitions of war. So, somehow the matter gave rise to a wonder which was so mild that it was soon forgotten in the contemplation of his own position and purposes.

V

DINNER time came and then supper; but the stevedores on the wharf continued to convey freight into the boat until long after dark, and they were at it when Doyle fell asleep. When he awoke the next morning the boat was in motion, and the idea that he was on his way back to New York gave him a feeling of tranquillity to which he had been a stranger for many long hours.

Then he suddenly remembered that his new friend had not returned to tell him good-by, and, as the thought occurred to him, the door of his stateroom opened and the man he was thinking about put his head in and gave him a cheerful good morning. Doyle maintained his equanimity.

"I was just thinking about you," said Doyle, and I am glad it's good-morning and not good-by."

"Why, so am I," responded the other. "I looked in to see if you were still with us, and to say that I'll be very busy on the return trip, but to-morrow afternoon I want to have some conversation with you." With that he took his leave.

A little later Doyle, in strolling about the saloon deck, saw his friend in close consultation with the Captain. The two were sitting at a small table in the Captain's cabin, and it could be seen at a glance that a noticeable change had come over the two men. On the table before them there lay a map. The Captain of the vessel no longer had an air of authority; he was deference itself; whereas the man who had drawn Mr. Doyle to him seemed to be in command. He opened the door connecting the cabin with the pilot house.

"What is the course?" he asked. Doyle could not hear the reply of the man at the wheel, but he heard the command: "Bear to the south—two points."

At Doyle's feet the shadows slowly shifted, and then hung steady, and a moment's observation showed him that the boat was headed in a southwesterly direction. This gave him a cud to chew on. The boat was certainly not headed in the direction of New York. However, he resolved not to allow himself to be concerned with a fact which might turn out to have the simplest explanation in the world.

The day wore on, and Doyle, when he had finished his dinner, noticed that the sun was beginning to cast shadows that fell from right to left. This meant, therefore, that the course of the boat had been changed to a point a little west of north. Well, he knew nothing about navigation, and he did not permit his curiosity to reach the pitch of inquisitiveness. Yet he had nothing to do but ruminate over such trifles, for with the exception of the man to whom he had so suddenly become attached, he was the only passenger on the boat. He leaned back in one of the easy chairs in the saloon, and was soon sound asleep. When he awoke the sun hung low and red on the horizon, and the boat seemed to be headed right for the glowing orb. On a chair not far away sat his traveling companion, apparently lost in thought. He roused himself and spoke when Doyle stirred.

"Ah, you have had a most refreshing nap," he said.

"Yes, indeed," answered Doyle. "They say it's a sign of health for a man to fall asleep when he's not sleepy. I've been awake several moments watching your face. I was trying to find out why it is that I can't call you by your name. I hope you will take no offense."

"Why, certainly not," said the other.

"The reason you can't call me by my name is because you don't know it."

"Well, didn't the Captain say your name was Webb?" Doyle asked.

"I am inclined to think he did," remarked the other. "But no doubt that was due to the fact that in the excitement created in his mind by your astonishing narrative he made a slip of the tongue."

"Anyhow, I'm glad Webb is not your name, though I don't know why. It doesn't seem to fit you."

"When the proper moment arrives I'll introduce myself with a flourish. Just at present, however, we must talk of more important matters. We are now heading for sunset. Have you any idea of our destination, or of yours?" Doyle shook his head. "Well, that is an additional reason why the secret service should have small charms for you. Perhaps you could make a shrewd guess."

Like a flash the truth dawned on Doyle. "We are on a blockade runner!" he exclaimed.

"You have hit it the first time. And now, having the key to the situation, the whole scheme of Captain McCarthy with respect to you must be clear to your mind."

"It is perfectly clear," replied Doyle. "He is for sending me back to Richmond where a halter probably awaits me. Well, all is fair in love and war," he said with a smile. "I thought it very cool that the man who planned my departure with such shrewd simplicity should give me an opportunity to place my information in the hands of others. And you are Captain McCarthy's agent?"

"No, not his agent; and yet I am acting for him. Your case is in my hands absolutely, and I propose if I can to transfer it to yours. This Captain McCarthy, I am told, has never yet sent a man to the gallows. He is said to believe that the service in which he is engaged does not call for the shedding of blood or the taking of life save in extreme emergency. Trusting to that I shall permit you to dispose of your person."

"You are a rebel, sir—me—a Confederate sympathizer?" suggested Doyle.

"Let us not halt at words," replied the other. "So many good causes have been branded as rebellions, and so many great men have been called rebels, that I rather enjoy the name. There is a whiff of liberty and independence about it. Yes, I am a rebel, and I am on the service of the rebel authorities.'

"What alternative do you suggest?" inquired Doyle.

"There are at least two. To-night or early to-morrow morning, when we make our run past the war vessels, I can provide you with a boat and you will have no difficulty in reaching one of the three. On the other hand, you were saying the other day that you contemplated a change, you

suggested that your present business had grown irksome; and you were generous enough to express a feeling of gratification that the man you had selected for a victim had apparently restrained his hand with respect to you

"But that was when I had deluded myself into the belief that he had shortened his arm in my favor. As you have just told me, he has a longer reach than I supposed."

"Precisely. But though I have never met the man face to face, I am familiar with those who know his nature; and I can say to you in all sincerity that he has no real desire to sacrifice you on the point of your mistakes."

"But he would only be carrying out his duty," remarked Doyle.

"One form of it, certainly," responded the other. "There is the case of Mr. Webb, who joined you in the enterprise. He is as free to-day as I am. He is on parole."

"That is queer," said Doyle. "Why is it that Captain McCarthy doesn't deal impartially?"

"The truth is," the other answered, "this man McCarthy is a great booby. I tell you confidentially. In one aspect of his nature he is a perfect child. In another aspect he is somewhat grim—so his friends say. He is something of a casuist, too, and he is never happier than when engaged in applying general moral principles to particular cases. Yours, for instance, probably violated one of his pet theories. You were receiving a salary from the Confederate authorities and betraying its secrets to its enemies, you suggested the kidnaping of Mr. Lincoln to an enthusiastic young man, and tried to destroy him, and, finally, you took advantage of your position to get some documentary information in regard to McCarthy's plans and purposes. I have the papers here."

"Well, I'll tell you frankly," responded Doyle, "that young fellow Bethune treated [illegible] in Washington [illegible] took such high ground in the matter that he set me to thinking. And then, as I told you, my experience in that box gave me an opportunity to think. My desire for advancement, it seemed, had blotted out the—well, the amenities——"

"Oh, call them principles—the word will not suffocate you!" cried the other with some show of impatience.

"Yes, the principles that should mark out one's line of action," assented Doyle.

"And yet you have this excuse—that in the business in which you were engaged there is no clear boundary line between what is fair and right and proper, unless one is at some pains to sift each proposition as it arises. It is quite a problem."

"Well," said Doyle, "I had made up my mind, before I discovered your mission, to try some other line of work. But under the circumstances I'll say nothing more on that subject. You have your duty to perform. I hope you find it a little more disagreeable than you thought, for I have come to like you."

"I doubt if an executioner ever had so fine a compliment," remarked the other with a friendly smile and gesture.

The two men sat and talked together on various topics for some time. Though it was now dark, no lamps had been lit. The mate came into the saloon with a lantern and announced that supper was ready; and he led the way to the galley.

"We shall have to make it a trifle uncomfortable for you," said Doyle's companion. "We shall not be within sight of the Carolina coast until after midnight, yet we cannot afford to illuminate the vessel."

"Don't talk about comfort," replied Doyle. "In the course of a very few hours, if matters go well with you, I shall remember the galley here as the centre of luxury and comfort. If you please, I'll take my coffee in a tin cup."

"Why, then, so will I," said the other with a smile. "Who knows what may happen? The trip is an experiment. The Captain has run into Charleston and into Norfolk, but, at my request, he is to try Wilmington. I am familiar with the channel there, which has its peculiarities, and I am of the opinion that your friends on the Federal warships are not prepared for an invasion of this sort, although more than one vessel has slipped in and out. In the Captain's cabin you will find light enough to read by, and you are welcome to use it."

When Doyle had groped his way to the upper deck he found a change in the atmospheric conditions. A raw wind was blowing from the northwest, bringing with it a stinging rain. He went into the Captain's cabin and tried hard to amuse himself with the handful of books he found there. Among these were Pelayo by William Gilmore Simms, in two volumes; Poems by James Brooks and his brother, and The Green Mantle of Venice. This last he had never seen before, and he began to read the gruesome thing. The story that gave the title to the book was the first and the longest, and when he had come to the end of it he shivered and closed the volume. He had never read anything so grim and ghastly. His feelings called loudly for companionship, and he sought it in the pilot house.

"We are passing Smith's Island," said a voice, which Doyle recognized as that of the gentleman who was playing such an important part in his career. The voice came from outside the pilot house. They had passed two of the blockading vessels.

"A rocket's gone up behind us," cried the Captain from the bridge.

A moment later another rocket went up far ahead and to the right.

In half an hour the man at the wheel was told to signal for full speed, and the Sarah Bolton, which had now become the Morning Star, ran by the grim sentinel which was lying near the entrance of the Northern Channel.

In no long time and without further incident the Morning Star reached Wilmington. Doyle, determined to make the best of a bad situation, went to bed and dreamed of The Green Mantle of Venice. When he awoke it was daylight, but he made no movement to arise. He was surprised to find how calmly a man can face the worst when he knows that it is inevitable. He tried to account for this, and so fell asleep again, and the sun was high when he awoke from his morning nap. He heard a voice calling from the wharf:

"Hey, there! Is Captain McCarthy aboard?"

Captain McCarthy! Doyle did not hear the reply. He did not listen. He had indulged in a hope that his friend, his companion on the voyage, would at the last moment employ some influence powerful enough to save him from the gallows. He had supposed that this hope was only a faint one, but now he knew how strong it had been. For an instant his courage died away completely. He held up his hand and it was shaking; his lips were dry. He made no effort to rise from his bunk.

He heard the voices of men as they approached the shaded portion of the deck, which was right at his stateroom window. Whoever the men might be, they placed their chairs so that he could hear every word they said, and he lay with his hands clasped behind his head, listening to the most interesting talk that had ever reached his ears.

"I heard you were on the boat and I hurried down to give you a piece of information that may be worth something to you. We had a man in one of the departments named Phil Doyle. He had the run of the whole business, and everybody thought he was all right; why, he was a ranker secesh in his talk than Bob Toombs. But he was a spy; yes, sir, a Yankee spy, and now he's gone! Disappeared just as though the ground had opened and swallowed him; and he carried away with him some of the most valuable papers from the secret archives of the Government. Yes, sir! The matter's been hushed up so the general public won't get hold of it; but you'd better believe the Government is stirred up over it. That's why I'm here now. Some one has been sent to every seaport town in the South. They believe in Richmond that he'll go to one of these towns and hire a couple of negroes to row him out to one of the Yankee ships.

"You may laugh," continued the speaker, though Doyle had heard no sound of laughter, "but if you don't keep both eyes open Phil Doyle will put a big finger in your pie. Evidently the silent person had made some gesture expressive of doubt or disdain, for the man who was doing all the talking raised his voice and spoke with more earnestness. "Oh, I know you're a good one, Captain—we all know that—but Doyle's a mighty slick duck. What if I were to tell you that among the papers he carted off (he must have taken a bushel from the fuss they've been making) he had all the records relating to your work, an outline of your general plan, and a list of the names of the men who are working under you?

"Well, you may shake your head as hard as you please, Captain McCarthy, but Phil Doyle has the record, and he's liable to make the Yankee climate mighty hot for you if you don't mind your eye. You don't seem to believe it," said the speaker with a touch of distress in his voice, "but I tell you it's so."

"And I tell you," answered Captain McCarthy, speaking for the first time, "that you people in Richmond are laboring under a serious misapprehension."

The sound of Captain McCarthy's voice gave Doyle a shock of surprise that caused his heart to jump in his throat. The firm, level tones, the clear enunciation, and the mild, mellowing touch of Irish accent were perfectly familiar. He had heard that voice every day during his involuntary voyage. Captain McCarthy had been his traveling companion.

"Misapprehension, Captain?" cried the other in astonishment. "why, what can you mean?"

"Why, with respect to Mr. Doyle. I am tolerably well acquainted with that gentleman, and I am convinced he took no papers beyond the records referring to my work and plans. And in doing that, he did me a real service."

"A service?" cried the other.

"A real service," persisted Captain McCarthy. "He opened my eyes to the loose methods that are prevalent in the departments at Richmond. If those records and documents had fallen into other hands I should not be here to-day."

In that statement Doyle thought he found a grim satire, and he smiled over it.

"But he has the papers all the same," said the other almost triumphantly, "and he's sure to use them against you."

"On the contrary," remarked Captain McCarthy, "I have the papers in my own possession."

"Captain McCarthy," said the other—he evidently arose from his chair—"allow me to take off my hat to you."

"No flourishes, my friend. Here are the documents; take them in your hands and examine them, and when you return to Richmond reassure my friends by the account you will give. No, I'll not return the papers. But for Mr. Doyle they would still be exposed in the departments; in fetching them away he has done me a signal service. And there's another matter—if Mr. Doyle has carried away any documents besides these, they will be duly returned by a trustworthy messenger."

"Then all this fuss is about nothing?"

"No, it is about something. Mr. Doyle no doubt learned some facts from the inside that make it desirable for a few individuals to close his mouth. At least two of these persons are not friendly to me. Now, when you return, my friend, publish it throughout the departments that McCarthy declared to you that Mr. Doyle's mouth will not be closed, and that some interesting facts will get into the papers if certain persons do not cease their meddling with affairs under my control."

"Oh, I see!" exclaimed the other. "Captain McCarthy, may I take off my hat again?"

"Certainly, my friend, if your head is too warm."

A long silence was broken by the person who had called to see Captain McCarthy. "You are not going to Richmond, then?"

"Not if you will kindly give my friends an account of our conversation—you can save me the journey."

"With the greatest pleasure in the world, Captain. But your friends will be disappointed."

"If no worse disappointment befalls them they will have few troubles in this world, and this the lot to which my affection commends them."

"Well, I must rush off a dispatch," said the other. "How shall I put it?"

"Just say: 'Doyle was with McCarthy in New York five days ago.' That will cover the ground."

The two men went down to the main deck, and Mr. Doyle arose and dressed himself very hurriedly. There was much in his mind for which he could not find words. He was not elated over what seemed to be his escape; he was simply rejoicing over the fact that his traveling companion, to whom he had become much attached, and Captain McCarthy were one and the same individual; and he was grateful, as one friend is to another, for his singular escape from a fate which he himself had courted. He thought of a thousand things to say when he should meet his friend, but what he did say was very tame and commonplace.

"Captain McCarthy, you have been very good to me."

"[illegible] was a matter which I [illegible] returned the other with a quizzical expression in his face, "a desire to please my little girl." But Doyle knew by the hearty grip the Captain gave him that he had been saved by something more than a whim.

(THE END)

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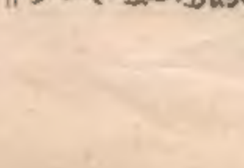

Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

Silk Made from Cotton

These are days when even poor men's wives wear silks, or at all events goods that bear a close likeness to those costly fabrics. Immense quantities of the new-style cotton goods which have the appearance of the product of the silkworm are being put on the market, and the sale of them, under various trade designations, has grown astonishingly.

Although this invention, known as the "mercerizing process," has become of practical importance only recently, it is by no means new. So far back as the year 1844 John Mercer ascertained that vegetable fibres, exposed to strong acids and alkaline lyes, are chemically changed in such a manner as to strengthen them greatly, while giving to them the glossy look of silk. At the same time, however, a shrinkage of about fifty per cent. was caused, and on this account it was decided that there would be no economic advantage in utilizing the discovery.

Since then it has been found that the shrinkage may be prevented by applying the mercerizing solution, of caustic potash or caustic soda, to the cottons while under tension, and that this may be done either with the spun yarn or with the woven material. The stuff is subjected to the treatment until the peculiar lustre appears, and then the fluid is washed away.

As a result of the process, the goods are modified in three ways. They acquire the silky look, they become very much stronger, so as to better resist tearing, and they take dyes more readily and satisfactorily, this last point being due to the affinity that exists between the caustic alkali and the coloring substances. Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that this imitation of silk should have found such favor in the market, its employment for linings being especially widespread, inasmuch as the fashion of the day demands silk linings, or what appear to be such, even for the simplest cloth gowns.

A firm in Lyons, France, takes advantage of the shortening of cotton fibres under non-mercerized treatment by caustic potash to produce in silk webs certain peculiar and very rich embossed effects. The silken webs have cotton threads at fixed distances, which, when the chemical solution is applied, shrink, while the silk, keeping its original length, is gathered in tiny folds. In this way the most diversified patterns are produced.

Fire-Proof Cotton Bales

The introduction of the cylindrical, scientifically-packed cotton bale bids fair to revolutionize the business of marketing that staple. For one thing, the new style of bale is so dense that it will not take fire, and though the surface of it may be ignited, it quickly goes out of its own accord. Thus the material, when stored on shipboard, is in no danger of ignition by spontaneous combustion or otherwise, and the necessity for carrying large insurance upon it is done away with.

The cotton crop of this country amounted to only 5,000,000 pounds in 1793; last year it was about 5,500,000,000 pounds, representing three-fourths of the entire crop of the world, and valued at $350,000,000. It filled 9,500,000 bales, and the loss by waste incidental to the process of taking samples was not less than $7,000,000. The new kind of bale has a sample attached to it on the outside, and is guaranteed to be of the same quality throughout. Nobody is allowed to hack it with knives and extract portions of its contents, as has been customary with bales of the old type.

The old-style plantation bale, in which the bulk of our cotton crop is still put up, has a density of about twelve pounds to the cubic foot. It is carried from the plantation to the nearest town where there is a power compress—a steam apparatus of 300 horse-power or thereabouts, costing $40,000 to $60,000—and is reduced one-half in bulk for weight. In this shape, done up in bagging, it goes to market, arriving in Europe, or perhaps in New England, with its sacking torn to pieces, the iron strips that hold it together mostly removed, and the contents dirty and more or less saturated with oil and other impurities.

On the other hand, the new kind of bale, containing the same weight of cotton in a package greatly reduced in size, reaches the market in perfect condition. It is cylindrical and of moderate dimensions, it is easily handled, and its contents are neither wasted nor dirtied. There are several patented processes for making these bales, one of them consisting in winding the cotton under great pressure in a continuous layer around a stick. It has been found practicable to produce a density of eighty-six pounds to the cubic foot, but half that is considered sufficient.

Another advantage of the new-style bale is that it can be put up in its final market shape on the plantation, the machinery required being comparatively simple and inexpensive. Its final wrapping is of burlap.

A New Triumph of Electricity

A new form of electric light is on the point of coming into use, which promises to reduce very greatly the cost of electric illumination. It is the invention of a scientist of Göttingen, Dr. Walter Nernst, and it utilizes for a glow-body, instead of a carbon filament, a substance that comes under the head of what experts in such matters call a second-class conductor—that is to say, a material which is a non-conductor at ordinary temperatures, but a good conductor of electricity when raised to a high heat.

This substance is a mixture of oxides of the rare metals thorium, cerium and yttrium. It is formed into the shape of a pencil, and the lamp of which it becomes a part is heated by a little heater-coil placed in close proximity to the pencil. In this way the pencil's temperature is raised to the requisite point, when it becomes brilliantly incandescent. A simple automatic means is supplied for cutting off the current of the heater-coil after the lamp is started, from which time on its own glow suffices to keep the pencil hot.

This kind of lamp gives a light that is not yellow like that of the ordinary incandescent lamp, but pure white like that of an arc lamp. Its great advantage, however, is in point of economy, in which respect it beats the incandescent lamp now in use four to one.

Electricians confidently expect that their art will at a future day bring the cost of illumination down to a mere trifle compared with what it now is. As is well known, the most economical methods of lighting involve a waste of nearly all of the energy utilized. Professor Langley says that the ideal light is that of the firefly, which is produced without heat or waste. If man could imitate it he would solve one of the most interesting and important of problems.

Separating Beach Gold

A machine that may solve the difficult problem of separating the so-called "flour gold" from the beach sands of Cape Nome has just been patented by an ingenious Western man. It takes the sand obtained from the "pay streaks" and throws it in a sheet across the path of a strong air-current, which carries the sand particles before it, while the "shot gold," being much heavier than the sand, falls into pockets arranged for its reception. Along with the sand is borne the "flake gold," until the latter strikes a screen and is arrested thereby, passing into another pocket. The "flour gold," being lighter than the sand itself and too small to be stopped by the screen, passes onward with the sand through the apparatus, which comprises a series of labyrinthian passages. These passages grow progressively larger, so as to effect a gradual reduction in the strength of the current, and thus the sand is eventually disposed of by gravity, while the golden powder is caught in a final pocket at the end.

It is believed that in this manner much of the beach gold now lost may be saved. The gold is almost perfectly pure, owing to the constant attrition to which it has been subjected, and resembles fresh brass filings in appearance, the friction accounting for this brightness. On the other hand, the coarser gold, taken from the gulches and creeks in the vicinity by the ordinary mining methods, is dull of color.

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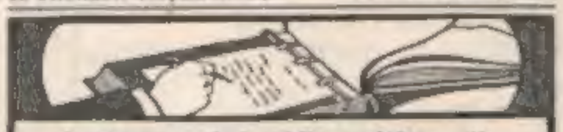

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Yachting in Little Boats and Big

By A. J. KENEALY

THERE are two types of racing yacht strongly in evidence this season. Each forms a remarkable contrast to the other, and each is a significant sign of the times. One is possible only to the millionaire. The other comes within the reach of the man of moderate means. As an exemplification of the evolution of the sport one is no less fascinating to the yachting "crank" than the other. I need scarcely say that one of the two types to which I refer is represented by the four crack 70-footers whose achievements have been watched with breathless interest by the general public, and that the other type is represented by the sturdy little raceabout or knockabout which is now the pet of the progressive amateur.

The glamour which surrounds vast wealth has lent added interest to the 70-footers Mineola, Virginia, Rainbow and Yankee, the most costly sailing yachts of their size ever turned out from any shipyard. Smart cutters from the boards of the famous Scotch designers, William Fife and George Watson, cost a pretty penny, but nothing in comparison with these four latest creations of Nat Herreshoff, the wizard of Bristol, Rhode Island.

Each cost, roughly speaking, $35,000 in sailing trim. Thus the initial expense was by no means slight, especially when one realizes that a magnificent three-masted schooner of large cargo-carrying capacity can be bought for a like amount—a vessel so big, indeed, that she could take a 70-footer on her deck and not be much inconvenienced by the burden.

The prime cost of such a racing yacht, though high, is not the least of the financial burdens imposed on the owner. It takes the interest on a considerable fortune to pay the running expenses, for a racer is not like a coaster, which begins to make money soon after her launch, but is a constant drain on the purse of her proprietor.

As a matter of fact, the bills which flow in at the end of the season would astonish everybody but the owner of an unsuccessful string of race horses, or the "angel" who has backed through the frosts of an unpropitious season a star with an unpopular play. These two individuals might very properly hail as a brother sufferer the owner of a racing 70-footer, and give him the benefit of their sympathy.

There is one thing to be said in this respect. The owners of the four craft are perfectly able to bear without wincing the expenses of ever so many seasons. Vice-Commodore August Belmont, of the New York Yacht Club, owns Mineola; Cornelius Vanderbilt, Rainbow; W. K. Vanderbilt, Virginia; while Yankee belongs to Harry Payne Whitney and Mr. Duryea. All these gentlemen have had ample yachting experience. Each is a practical yachtsman and a good helmsman.

The four yachts, while possessing certain subtle differences in design known only to Mr. Herreshoff, are practically of the same size and shape. Each is 106 feet over all and 70 feet on the water-line. Mineola and Rainbow have a beam of 19 feet 6 inches and a draft of 14 feet, while Virginia and Yankee are a foot heavier and draw a foot more water. Their construction is alike: steel frames and deck beams, wooden planking, lead keels weighing 40 tons, and the latest and most scientific devices for securing the lightest weight of hull, spars and rigging.

Vast Canvas and Spider-Web Rigging

They may be described as smaller Columbias, as they bear a remarkable resemblance to last year's cup champion, and are rigged similarly, except that all their principal spars are of Oregon pine instead of steel. The sail area is about 6500 square feet. Very fairy-like they look as they dance over the waves with all their flying kites aloft. With rigging that seems as tenuous as a spider's web when compared with that in vogue a dozen years ago, they look as though they would fall to pieces in the first puff. But the standing rigging which supports the mast and the running gear that hoists the sails are of steel wire, whose strength is surprising when compared with its circumference.

The complimentary term of "cruiser" has been applied to these four beautiful racing machines, simply, I suppose, because they have a few arrangements for comfort below—a galley for cooking, sleeping accommodations for the crew and a few minor conveniences. Aside from these they are in point of fact racers from topmost truck to the bottom of the leaden fin, from the end of the bowsprit to the extremity of the main boom. The way in which Mineola walked away from the old cup defender Vigilant the other day showed that there is nothing of the cruiser in her. Each is built for a racing career of three seasons, at the outside. Their ultimate destiny is an abstruse problem, as their excessive draft unfits them for the ordinary purposes of cruising for pleasure.

Their performances have livened up the sport wonderfully. The fact that two of them are supplied with steam tenders, eighty feet long, capable of steaming at the rate of twenty miles an hour, makes yachtsmen of the old school open wide the eye of astonishment. This is another innovation possible only to the very rich. A few years ago a man was thought extravagant if he occasionally hired a tug, but the down-to-date "fad" is to have a costly steam yacht to tow your racer to the line—to carry her spare spars, sails and gear and perform other vicarious services.

It is not surprising, therefore, that all yachtdom is talking of the 70-footers or that their races at Newport attracted a great and curious throng. The champion of the four may not be picked out until later in the season, but so keen is the rivalry among our millionaire yachtsmen that, no matter which it may be, another will be built in the hope of beating her next year. Meanwhile, the ordinary yachting "crank" who isn't a millionaire is hugging himself with delight because he is able to see some of the best racing that's going and at no expense beyond his passage money on the excursion boat.

The Engaging of English Skippers

The singular prejudice of some of the newspapers was forcibly demonstrated in the diatribes against Messrs. Belmont and Cornelius Vanderbilt for daring to employ British skippers to sail their 70-footers. Those who know these gentlemen must be aware that they are not unpatriotic. If they are such ardent Anglophiles as has been alleged they might have gone to Great Britain for their yachts as well as for their sailing masters. As a matter of fact they deserve commendation rather than curses, as by their action they have infused into the competition of these four craft a certain amount of international strife that must prove beneficial to the sport.

The keen rivalry last year between the Scandinavian seamen of Defender and the Deer Island crew of Columbia gave an exciting thrill to a contest which, without an international zest, might have been tame. Luckily the newspapers in question do not represent enlightened American thought. Otherwise, the English, whose generous appreciation of the laurels gained by Yankee jockeys on British turf has been abundantly shown, might feel that as a nation we are rather churlish. Such criticisms are not to be taken seriously, any more than attacks on the French chef, the Parisian lady's maid or the Japanese valet would be if made by the organs in question.

To a person not utterly devoid of the sense of humor the incident has proved not dull by any means. The truth is that Yankee skippers, both amateur and professional, are every bit as good as their British foemen. My private opinion, formed after an experience of twenty years, is that the American skipper is a trifle the smarter. International races would seem to have so settled the matter. Thus we need not feel any alarm because of the imported British skipper.

It is, of course, impossible for all of us to be millionaires and to own costly racing machines, but lack of great wealth need not exclude us from a thorough enjoyment of the sport. I once saw two boys racing against another couple at Marblehead, Massachusetts. The craft were two dories, and if the sails they carried were not bedsheets I am very much mistaken. Never did I see more buoyant enthusiasm or genuine joy afloat, coupled also with the racing instinct. It was good to see them.

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In special articles THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has many brilliant offerings for the rest of the year, and one to be published soon, which will be of universal interest, is

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or borrow a dory or some other cockleshell and enjoy their sails. If a man joins a yacht club and possesses the clubbable instincts of a sailor he can get all the sport he wants—and sport in a small craft is sport indeed.

The Joy of Racing with Small Craft

In fact, the joy of racing and cruising in small craft is only now beginning to be appreciated by our yachtsmen. For many years the exciting and healthy pastime has prospered in Great Britain, and clubs whose boats are limited to 25 feet on the water-line are numerous as well as flourishing. Our own country is abundantly blessed with ideal sheets of water, both salt and fresh, in which every delightful phase of the sport can be enjoyed to the utmost. Long Island Sound, which may be termed the paradise of the raceabout and the knockabout, is a charming aquatic arena for cockleshell craft, and in fair weather, especially on holidays, its shining surface is dotted with snowy sails that seem at a distance no bigger than the gossamer web of the Portuguese man-of-war, scientifically known as the nautilus.

It is not only in lady's weather, however, that the knockabout is seen at her best. In light winds, with the water smooth as a mill pond, she will glide gracefully and speedily along. But she is by no means solely adapted for this kind of sailing. A sturdy little craft, I promise you, staunch and seaworthy when lake or ocean is stirred up by a fierce and sudden summer squall that makes the wave crests leap and laugh. Capable, too, I maintain, when caught on a lee shore in a heavy blow, if properly snugged down and handled with seamanlike skill. Fully able, indeed, to ride out more than a capful of wind, and an immense improvement in every way on the now happily obsolete "sandbagger." This, I think, every unprejudiced yachtsman will candidly admit.

The enjoyment and sport that accompany this type of boat cannot be exaggerated. Pleasant sails on breezy afternoons, glorious threshes to windward when the salt spray flies and saucy white caps gleam in the glancing sunlight, spins before the wind with tiny spinnakers bellying out to the brisk, warm breeze—all these are conducive to happiness, as every one who has experienced them is surely aware.

Then, again, how wildly the hot blood courses through your veins when your own little ship, showing the graceful curve of her counter, passes by some rival remarkable for her speed! With what eagerness you accept the challenge for a decisive test and with what zeal you prepare your champion for the fray—stripping her for the contest, "tuning her up" for the emulous sea fight!

Thus, beyond question, it is not only the owners of the big racing machines who are enabled to enjoy the keen and multiple delights of the pastime. Frankly, I believe that there is more real pleasure to be had in a sturdy, wholesome knockabout or raceabout than in a crack 70-footer. And there is no doubt that the art of boat sailing, as well as those of practical seamanship and navigation, can be better acquired in a little vessel than in a large one. The knockabout must on no account be looked upon as a mere nautical toy, as some persons sneeringly regard her, but as a capital little seaboat and speedy withal.

A Millionaire Having Fun in a Knockabout

I think that Mr. August Belmont, owner of Mineola, will not feel inclined to deny the truth of the foregoing. I never saw a man enjoying himself better than he at the helm of his son Raymond's 18-footer, Sandpiper—a mere racing midget. It was at the regatta of the Riverside Yacht Club the other day, and the Sandpiper's closest competitor was Kingfisher, owned and sailed by August Belmont, Junior.

It was father against son and the race was close. Sandpiper led from the start, Kingfisher hunting her close. As they neared the finish the elder Mr. Belmont mistook the line and luffed up, thinking victory was his. The young fellow knew better. He kept going and, sliding out under the lee of his rival, shot over the line, a winner by four seconds.

Mr. Belmont said he got more fun out of that one defeat by his son than his seven consecutive victories on the Mineola.

My conclusion is that not only cruising but racing is within the reach of an ordinary mortal, and that the millionaire has neither a corner in the sport nor a monopoly of it. It is open practically to all, and for this I am duly thankful.

Among New England Fisherfolk

By René Bache

FISHERMEN have usually had a reputation for inferiority, mental and moral, but such an opinion would be very far from applying to the New Englanders who gain their livelihood from the ocean. Not only are these men an exceptionally hardy and daring race, attaining a higher type of seamanship than can be found elsewhere in the world, but they are remarkably alert and eager to adopt new inventions and discoveries. Some most important contributions to science have been made by the fishermen of the Gloucester fleet, and the interest they take in additions to human knowledge is well illustrated by the fact that many of the fishing schooners carry on their voyages collecting tanks full of alcohol in which they preserve every unusual species which is caught on their lines or obtained from the stomachs of fish in the process of dressing.

Now this is quite a remarkable thing, when one comes to think of it. Lists of donations by the fishermen to the National Museum at Washington are published weekly in the Cape Ann and other seaboard papers, and after specimens have been forwarded to that Government institution for identification the senders anxiously await the letters of reply which announce results. Furthermore, the Latin names bestowed upon the various species are actually adopted into the speech of these ocean workers, who very soon learn to discriminate, and to save only those things which they recognize as new or rare. In the archives of the United States Fish Commission are many thousands of pages of manuscript written by the hands of fishermen, in which are given more important and previously unobserved facts respecting certain kinds of fishes than had been brought to light by the labors of all the naturalists in America.

It might be said in a general way that the *élite* of the American native-born population is to be found among the fisherfolk of the North Atlantic coast; the purest Yankee stock has been perpetuated, with scarcely an intruding strain of foreign blood, along the shores of New England and in that neighborhood. The people of Cape Cod, for example, are direct descendants of the original Puritans, preserving their names and their virtues. On the islands of Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket linger the vigorous descendants of the adventurous whalers of former times, who even to this day preserve much of their ancient seafaring vocabulary, and not a few of their maritime traditions.

An interesting study might be made of the superstitions of the fisherfolk of New England. These relate most importantly to what are called "Jonahs." Anything unlucky is a Jonah. The reputation of a Jonah may attach to a man who has had two or three unfortunate fishing voyages. If a vessel fails to make a good catch on one or two trips, it is apt to be deserted by some of its crew for no other reason. Men are sometimes discharged from fishing boats because of their reputation as Jonahs. Sometimes when a vessel seems to be unlucky the crew resorts to an arbitrary method of determining the Jonah among them. They induce the cook to put a nail in a loaf of bread, and the man who happens to get this is declared a Jonah. Occasionally the fisherman resorts to strange expedients to free himself from the odor of bad luck which clings to him. For instance, he will carry his bedsack on deck and set it on fire, fumigating himself thoroughly, for the purpose of exorcising the evil influence. Vessels with the reputation of being Jonahs have difficulty in securing crews, and sometimes have to withdraw from the fishery.

Although the sailor fishermen of New England are not, as a class, religious, in most of the fishing towns a good tone of morality prevails. In many places the skipper of a vessel loses caste if it is known that he allows his crew to fish on Sunday. In the early part of the present century a barrel of rum was indispensable in the outfit of a fishing vessel; at present it is extremely rare to find ardent spirits of any kind on board of a fishing craft. Popular sentiment is greatly against the use of alcoholic drinks. On the other hand, there has been a great improvement within recent years in the dietary of the deep-sea fishermen. They are remarkably well fed—so much so, indeed, that the cook is usually the best-paid man on board. This condition of affairs arises partly from recognition of the fact that well-fed men do the best work, but it is in a measure attributable to demand by the employees for a bill-of-fare suitable to the condition of persons who are accustomed to good dinners.

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Literary Folk—Their Ways *and* Their Work

The Bounty Mutiny

The title of Lieutenant Bligh's book is unfortunate and misleading. So many novels, narratives and dissertations have been written around this famous mutiny since the world learned of Pitcairn Island and its half-caste population—descendants of the mutineers—that a prospective purchaser, on a glance at the title page, might drop the book without further inspection, sighing wearily: "Another story of the Bounty mutineers; another naval officer gone into literature."

And this would be both truth and untruth. The story is not literature in the final sense of the word, though it is the work of a naval officer. It was written about a hundred years ago by the Captain of the ship, Lieutenant Bligh—a name forgotten by many who can name the mutineers and quote their descendants' history—and it is the other side of the story. It is a plain narrative, quaintly told, of the terrible voyage of nearly four thousand miles—a thousand miles longer than the track across the Atlantic—sailed by the nineteen nonconformist members of the ship's company, in a twenty-three foot boat, over uncharted seas, and past unknown islands peopled by savages whose appetites and habits were such as to preclude a landing.

Only twice did opportunity occur to touch a beach, and the first landing involved friction with the natives that only the quick wit and courage of Lieutenant Bligh overcame; then they went on. There were hunger and thirst borne on this voyage. There was extreme suffering from cold and wet. And through it all the doughty Bligh preserved a discipline only equaled by the performance of one man in nautical history—Elisha Kent Kane, the Arctic explorer.

There was discontent, of course, and the Captain tells modestly of giving one selfish obstructionist a good beating. We can imagine what that good beating was in those good old days. Again, when another malcontent, inspired by a democratic self-respect based upon their common helplessness, declared himself "as good a man as the Captain," he was invited to take up a cutlass and prove his assertion. Be it said that the pretender declined.

Though it seems that the book would be more consistent with its style and period if reprinted in the exaggerated, old-style types, yet as it stands it is worthy of a place in any library. It is good to take down and read when knowledge and appreciation are needed of England's seamen—the men who have made her the leading maritime nation of the world—men with courage to mutiny and, if mutineed against, with courage and seamanship and self-control to perform such remarkable feats as this story tells of.

—Morgan Robertson.

Marshfield the Observer

Marshfield was more than an observer, he was a scrutinizer—a painful analyst of the conduct and motives of men and women. Bloodless and devoid of sensibility, though with illimitable perceptiveness, Marshfield is too impersonal to be attractive. Yet one would hesitate to call him repulsive, for his instinct for observation and scrutiny is a doom rather than a faculty. His traits are more nearly related to the tendencies of the bloodhound than comparable with the training of a psychologist or a man of science. His want of pity excites pity more than blame. It is a not inartistic result that Egerton Castle's own sentiments toward his disquieting creation are not discoverable. The stories are those told by Marshfield to elucidate his investigation in character, and they are certainly illustrative.

Mrs. Tollmage, for instance, is an empirical defense of a theory of psychic chemistry, showing that two free molecules have sufficient potency to remain unaffected by external influence, until some day they meet with a violent crash and speedy blending. Society, religion, ethics suffer in the blinding explosion, but the molecules form a trust which no human law can affect. In this tale, which is bold enough to have been the work of George Meredith, though it wants his scope, one molecule is the superb wife of a more than ordinarily complacent Archdeacon; the other free agent is of course the man, unconventional beyond words, brutally strong, wicked and cynically selfish, all because in his youth he had seen the one woman and suddenly lost her. In the Archdeacon's wife he as suddenly again finds her, and, molecular-wise, together they calmly walk out of the good man's front door.

The Guests of the Wolfmaster introduces these superb pagans (now happily wedded after the Archdeacon's death from influenza), into an old French country house. Other molecules are there, temporarily associated; and an especially rampant and dangerous one, Madame Andreassy, reminiscent of the past, when Cosmo was still haunting the universe for his lost mate, engages her present cavalier in a duel with her former lover. The author's own personal skill at the foils has enabled him to draw an admirable scene of this duel in the snow. It is a fascinating but not an alluring study. "Lush" is not too strong a word for some of it. In a curious, elusive way Balzac is suggested throughout the book. The familiarity with men and events, from the standpoint of unsympathetic scrutiny, is remarkable, but the effect is hardly agreeable. Ramblings over the wastes of amateur psychology were more cheerful, with an ever so humble ethical code, just for companionship. Amid naked and shivering ghosts the pose of the man of the world seems bad form. The Death Dance, a Hungarian episode of '49, is a return to cruder and truer things.

Amid White Silences

Human nature is the same, even amid the White Silences, and in the inconceivable toil of breaking trail. The greed for gold may be the great motive which sends men up into the North, but they do not leave behind them the small ways of more comfortable living. This eternal struggle against circumstances does, however (so Mr. London tells us, not unimpressively, in Tales of the Far North), tend to force up the standards of simple character. Elements which used once to be thought royal are engendered. Malemute Kid, who appears as an arbiter of destinies throughout these several stories, is kingly in his usages, and shoulders responsibility and dangers as gracefully as he swings an ax. We have to take Jack London on faith, but some things of which he writes make the wild frontier in which Bret Harte once roamed entertainingly seem as tame as any Jardin des Plantes. The shrewd Western wit of the author sometimes outsteps our tenderfoot intelligence, and a prosaic explanation would occasionally be a good substitute for a feebly grasped implication. The Priestly Prerogative, for instance, may have several interpretations, according to one's mood; and it is irritating not to feel sure of the right one. The most effective of these tales is An Odyssey of the North—the least satisfying is The Wife of a King, for it dwells too lovingly on the civilized tradition that a woman's chief ability to dominate comes through her power to captivate. In The Men of Forty Mile there is good humor of the sort generously sprinkled through the whole; it is a limited humor, however, adapted to the close environings of Arctic life. In fact, one gets the impression that these nine tales garner most of the larger experiences possible under a polar sun. *—Lindsay Swift.*

The Puppet Master Unstrung

To the shrewd observer, competent craftsman and witty *raconteur* like Max O'Rell it probably looked an easy task indeed to write a novel. It is more than likely that he has changed his mind; or at least has come to realize that it is harder to write a good novel than to write one such as Woman and Artist.

The story is, of course, developed with intelligence; and a sparkle of epigram cannot but show, once in a great while, on the pages which have passed under Max O'Rell's pen. But the characters have about the flexibility of clothes-pins, the vital warmth of puppets worked on wires. If they were a little more real, the folly of their actions would be exasperating; but, as it is, no reader will blame them for anything they do. The whole performance is commonplace, dull (how did Max O'Rell achieve dullness?), mechanical and lacking in psychological perception. It is manifestly written for the trade. Fortunately the author's reputation is quite too well established to suffer any serious jar from a failure in a field not his own.

—Charles G. D. Roberts.

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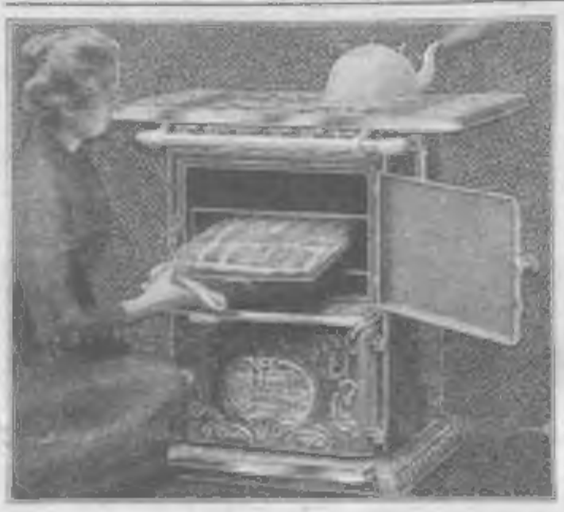

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